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Land of
the Morning

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Land of the Morning

DeLoris Stevenson

Sketches by

Dick and Ulysses Solis

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To three couples:

Virginia and Mark

Mary Ann and Dwight W.

Andresa and Benito

Land of the morning,
Child of the sun returning,
With fervor burning,
Thee do our souls adore . . .

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Foreword

This book is a partial record of the seven months which my wife and I recently spent in the Philippines. We were fortunate in that we were not tourists but short-term missionaries with a definite assignment. This enabled us to merge ourselves with the people and to gain an intensive, firsthand experience of the Philippines not always granted to foreigners. When we look at the depth of their impression on us, it is difficult for us to realize that these months were not years. Surely they made lasting changes in us more profound than many years of living under more usual circumstances.

The sections of my wife's diary that are presented here are only a fraction of the whole record which she kept day by day. They do not tell the complete story of our Philippine year, not by a good deal; but they do give a number of revealing snapshots from which the reader can construct our feelings and gain for him-

self a kind of secondhand experience of living among the beautiful, friendly Filipino people.

The foremost task of missionary education in America is simply that of giving eyes to people so that they can see our mission fields for themselves. I believe the following pages will help to do this. I think you will feel that you are there. You will touch foot to shore with a wondering heart. You will travel by jeepney and provincial bus, enter nipa huts, sleep on bamboo floors, greet scores of new friends. You will make your discoveries gradually, as they are made in daily living.

When your "tour of duty" is finished, you will walk up the gangplank of the S.S. "Viet-Nam" and sail out of Manila Bay with a lump in your throat. The Filipino friends who stand waving good-by on the pier until they vanish from sight will never vanish from your heart.

Dwight E. Stevenson

Lexington, Kentucky

Manila

October 4. This morning we awakened to the most beautiful sunrise we've seen while at sea. It was in breath-taking shades of red. I guess that's "sailor's beware" signal, but we are near enough in now to overlook the warning. It is hot here. The land is very close to us now. We can distinctly see the trees and vegetation. We are passing along a mountain range. The peaks tower up about 6,000 feet. The sea is as smooth as glass. Today is our 35th day on the sea, and our 46th day out of New Orleans. Tonight we sail into Manila Bay.

Emerald Islands is a good name for the Philippines. The mountain range we are passing looks rocky and steep, but it is green to the top.

About noon we passed a number of Filipino fishermen in outrigger canoes. We came so close to one that the Filipino took off his hat and waved to us. Just then the captain told us to look at the bow if we wanted to see a sight. An outrigger canoe flying its banner of sail was cutting across our course, bidding us a daring welcome.

Now, toward evening, we are passing Bataan Peninsula —beautiful and green and truly jungle. It looks peaceful now but only a few short years ago thousands of

young men lost their lives there in the "death march." Corregidor is just ahead of us. "Hurry, hurry, if you want to see some skeletons," calls the captain. We rush to the starboard side to see the ribs of bombed-out buildings atop General Wainwright's fortifications. This and the masts of sunken ships thrust up above the water of Manila Bay speak their own silent history.

Manila Bay is aflame with the most glorious sunset we have ever seen. We are making harbor.

Launches are cutting out from the docks to meet us. We read their signs "Quarantine," "Customs," "Immigration," as little brown men swing from their decks, up the gangplank and aboard our ship to their work of inspection. Soon they have checked the cargo and crew, and we are summoned to the captain's cabin for our own clearance. This is our first encounter with Filipino English; our American ears do not catch it at once. We ask to have phrases repeated many times, and polite officers graciously oblige us. At last we begin to understand and to give correct answers.

We go the rounds and say our farewells to the ship's officers and then return to our cabin to prepare for going ashore. Dwight begins walking around in a T-shirt debating about wearing his barong Tagalog shirt. Allen Huber back in Jackson, Ohio, gave it to him and asked him to wear it to the pier as a personal favor. Since he spent twenty-five years as a missionary in the Philippines, Mr. Huber should know Filipino psychology; nevertheless Dwight hesitates. The embroidered shirt of sheer piña fiber is so completely different from American

dress. Then, too, he feels that he has no right to wear it. Will the Filipinos who see him disembark think it presumptuous of him to enter the Islands wearing their native costume? But he promised Allen Huber. Besides, George Earle Owen, Manila missionary, has sent an airmail letter to Japan telling us that he and others will be at the dock expecting to receive Dwight in his barong. There seems no way out but to wear it. It is amusing to watch Dwight prance the cabin and deck trying to come to a decision. Finally he takes a deep breath and puts it on, just before we are to go down the ladder. It is already dusk. An even dozen Filipino officials are on board. And in spite of the semidarkness they spot the barong right off and immediately they begin to talk with him and be friendly. Allen Huber knows his Philippines. The shirt cuts a huge cake of ice!

But the friendliness of the officials is only prologue. We descend to the pier, to be given a royal welcome by about fifty people. Among them are George Earle and Margaret Owen, Harry and Leith Fonger, Dorothy Martin, Charles and Sue Malotte—a part of Manila's loyal corps of Protestant missionaries. The rest are Filipino Christians. They form circles about us and sing "happy welcome" to us. Never have we been received anywhere with such enthusiasm.

Bienvenida

October 5. Between George Owen and the Lykes Steamship agent, we cleared customs last evening in

record time. Our baggage was loaded on the station wagon of the American Bible Society and Harry and Leith Fonger brought us to their open, airy home over the Bible House at 636 Isaac Peral (pronounced *Eesok Per Al*). We learned that we are to stay with the Fongers until about the middle of the month, when the Owens and Dorothy Martin will be leaving for Baguio City and their six months of language study. Then we will occupy the Owens' home at 912 Wright Street, Malate. The Fongers have been in the Philippines thirty years. They were pioneers in the Ilocano country in northern Luzon. They were interned by the Japanese during World War II and lost their only son, Burton, by death while still in prison. Harry Fonger is the venerated dean of American missionaries to these Islands.

This morning we had breakfast at 6:30. Activities start early because of the midday heat. We had papaya, scrambled eggs, jam, and coffee. As a concession to our Western tastes, grapefruit juice was added especially for us. Mrs. Fonger thought we might not like papaya, but we loved it from the first, especially when served as here with *calamansi,* a little fruit similar to a tiny lime, which is squeezed over the papaya to impart a tart flavor.

We are doing a minimum of unpacking but, in ten days of dressing up, we'll need more clothes than we did on the ship. We already have three receptions scheduled. We are to go with George Earle to the immigration office this morning. I guess we have a lot

more red tape to get under our belts. We already know that we should have brought more passport pictures.

After breakfast a Manila pastor, Aurelio de Castro of the Paco Memorial Church, called to welcome us to Manila and see that we planned to come to his church the next Sunday. He is a young graduate of Union Theological Seminary of the Philippines; he hopes to get further study in America soon, but his six children are making the going a little rough on his salary of 120 pesos (or sixty dollars) per month. He had just come from doing his daily five o'clock morning broadcast over radio station DZAS.

George Earle came to take us to the immigration office. There for the first time in my life I was fingerprinted. I now have a purple thumb and four purple fingers. We did not finish our business; there are miles of red tape which the Filipinos say they learned from the Americans.

We then went to Manila City Hall where George Earle introduced us to Attorney Eduardo Malones, general secretary of Disciples of Christ for the Tagalog Area, and his secretary, Rosalina Kalimlim. Both were at the pier to welcome us last evening as our ship docked. Mr. Malones is head of the extension division of the public libraries of Manila. He is also pastor of our church at Marakina. And on top of all this he is the executive head of a religious denomination! It was agreed that Attorney Malones would be in charge of our schedule, as he had been for George Earle two years before, so that we would not plan trips out of Manila

into dangerous Huk territory and run the peril of ambush.

Rosie and Mr. Malones took us to the roof of City Hall where we could get a good look at Manila. Dwight and I weren't prepared for such a modern city. After Tokyo it looks like the United States in the Far East—at least skin-deep. The architecture combines modern with Spanish variations plus huge windows and overhanging eaves to match the tropical climate. Most of the city has been rebuilt since the war. Manila was the most bombed city in the war, we are told. There's still plenty of evidence that a fierce war was fought here. We have already seen many completely destroyed or bullet-ridden buildings. In fact, 80 per cent of all church properties were destroyed in these Islands. From the roof of City Hall we had a good view of Intermuros, the old walled, Spanish Manila which lies at the heart of the city. It is now almost completely in ruin and rubble. Some of the wall still remains, as do the ruins of a few old Spanish churches which served as fortresses during the war.

This first morning we also went to the bank to open an account. On the way we stopped to inspect a lot on Indiana Avenue recently purchased for a mission residence with funds from our Tulsa, Oklahoma, church. Like most lots in this district, it is surrounded by a high stone wall.

Next we went to 912 Wright Street to get our first view of the home we are to occupy during the next few months. Margaret Owen, like her husband a doctor

of education, showed us around the house and grounds. We met Benito Valeza and Nené de la Cruz, who are to stay with us and help with the work. I have already come to the conclusion that I will have plenty of need for them.

We got to the Owens' barely in time for a small reception. Quite a few folks from the neighborhood dropped in to visit.

After the reception George Earle took me to Isaac Peral Street and took Dwight on to get a driver's license. We will have use of the Plymouth station wagon while we are here. Having seen the madhouse of Manila traffic, Dwight was hoping he wouldn't have to drive, but George Earle said it would be impossible for him to get done what he has to do without a car. Driving here is by ear—horns blaring all the time. The driver who honks first at the intersection has the right of way. You'd laugh to see the "jeepneys"—converted American jeeps—used as buses at 10 centavos per ride. Seven thousand of these swarm the streets, each carrying ten to twelve passengers who climb on through special doors and steps at the rear. There is also a special canopy top. These army surplus vehicles are painted all colors of the rainbow, replete with mottoes and names. They zigzag recklessly through traffic from left to right, wherever there may be a prospective passenger who stands on the curb and makes his wants known not by whistling or shouting but by hissing through his teeth and beckoning with his hands, palm downward. The turmoil of the traffic is so unbelievable that during our first experiences

of it we alternated between the jitters and bursts of incredulous laughter. After a while we began to see that survival was possible only because of the Filipinos' unfailing courtesy and superb sense of timing.

We are experiencing the expected heat and humidity. We need two complete changes of clothing from the skin out, and numerous showers a day. We are also ravenously hungry and hopelessly drowsy. We are told that these are normal reactions to being thrust into the tropical climate and that we will continue to be abnormally hungry and sleepy for at least a month.

October 6. Last evening the Owens had the whole faculty of Union in for dessert and a faculty meeting. We met all the teachers and their wives. More than half the teachers are American missionaries; the others are Filipinos, educated in America. We began to get our tongues around their names: Quiambao, Masa, Galvez, Florendo, de Castro, Fontanilla, Cruz. Missionary Albert Sanders is president, but he is soon to be displaced by the first Filipino Seminary president, Benjamin I. Guansing, who is completing his doctoral studies at Columbia University. Colleges, universities, and seminaries feel much the same anywhere in the world, and we were soon at home in this happy seminary family.

Today we visited the building of Union Theological Seminary on Taft Avenue. Bombed and shelled in the war, it is completely rehabilitated. It is of re-enforced concrete, the best material for public buildings in this climate. The exceedingly wide eaves give protection to the generous windows during tropical rains. There is

no window glass, only latticed shell shutters, which may be pulled into the opening in case of driving typhoon rains, which we were soon to experience. Due to the open windows and the nearness of Taft Avenue with its boiling, streaming traffic, the classrooms are kept in a constant din. Teachers grow hoarse trying to make themselves heard above the noise level.

Since the mission residence is in a fine residential district, George Earle took us into less American sections to get some of the feel of the real Filipino Manila. He said he'd been here a couple of weeks before he realized that this other Manila existed. It gave him such a jolt that he has since tried to see that visitors are introduced to the real, the whole of Manila as soon as possible. We saw the open sewers. We stopped at a public market and got a whiff and a sight of a lot of things we had

Sidewalk fish market

never seen or smelled before. People were as thick as flies, and there were also flies in person. We went by a section of town where the stores are very like the ones we saw in Japan—open booths. We got caught in a tangle of pony-drawn *karretillas*,[1] *kalesas*, buses, jeepneys, taxis and jay-walking people. We confronted our first revolting sights of disfigured, whining beggars. Residences range all the way from mansions which would grace Park Avenue in New York to nipa huts over swampy ground. This sprawling beehive of a city is a concentration of extremes: East and West, poverty and riches, beauty and squalor, health and disease, all mixed up in an incredible, exciting hodgepodge.

Dorothy Martin preceded us to the Philippines by only three weeks. We had known her well in the States when she was one of Dwight's students at The College of the Bible in Lexington, Kentucky. In three short weeks she is already the darling of the Filipino young people, whose missionary she is.

We went again this morning to Wright Street. Margaret and George Earle had invited upward of a hundred people to meet Dorothy, Dwight, and me. Benito had baked a chocolate cake for Dwight and me. It was elaborately decorated; *bienvenida* and our names were written on it. Dorothy had a cake too; it was decorated in white icing. Now we know that Benito can bake cakes

[1]Many of the words are spelled as the Tagalog-speaking people would spell them. The Tagalogs do not have a "c" in their dialect. Many times "c" is used; for example, *calesa* is used often in print but it is a foregone conclusion when it is used that a Tagalog does not own the controlling interest in the print shop.

and make them pretty. Mrs. Fonger says that Margaret has made a very good cook out of Benito during this past two and a half years.

We greeted guests and more guests all morning. We met the missionaries of several boards and several schools, plus a host of Filipinos. Our new acquaintances included Enrique Sobrepeña, moderating bishop of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines, and Leonard Dia, general secretary of that church. Josefina Phodaca, president of the United Council of Evangelical Church Women, was there also. She wants Dwight to speak to the Ecumenical Registration of United Church Women to be held next Sunday afternoon at Cosmopolitan Student Church. About 800 women are expected. Miss Phodaca is an attorney at law and, while Carlos P. Romulo was a candidate for the coming presidential nomination, she served as his advance agent.

By courtesy of the young people we were garlanded with *leis* of *sampaguita,* the national flower. The *sampaguita* is a tiny, white, bell-like flower; the leaves of *ilang ilang* are spicy fragrant. The young people also sent me three baby orchids and some fruit called *lanzones.*

Just as the guests were leaving, the heavens opened and spilled all the water possible at one time, our first rain in Manila. Two Owen children were soaked through when they got home from school. The youngest one, Peggy, got home before the rain; she sang us the "happy welcome" song. The Owens have three fine girls—Mary, Ann, and Peggy—all of whom entered into the spirit of the reception.

October 7. This morning I went shopping with Mrs. Fonger. We went to the public market and to two very American-looking supermarkets, though actually they are Chinese cold stores. The Chinese are the businessmen and bankers of the Philippines; there are about a hundred thousand of them in the archipelago. We did not know until we got here that throughout this section of Asia, at least, the Chinese are called "the Jews of the Orient." A story has it that a Chinese is the only person in the world who can buy something from a Jew, sell it to a Scotsman, and make a profit in the transaction. These "cold stores" or supermarkets look cleaner than some of those at home and the floors are not littered. The only rub is that everything is over twice as expensive. But after seeing a cargo ship in action, I wonder that the prices aren't even higher, for nearly everything including meat comes from the United States or Australia or New Zealand.

I meant to write more about the public market. This market was in the Malate neighborhood and was quite a bit better than the first one we saw and smelled with George Earle as guide. As I see it now, when I get into the swing of things, I'll be able to shop in the market for my fruits and vegetables, but I'm afraid I'll never come here for meat which is sold from open stalls without refrigeration or covering of any kind against the flies and the fingering of prospective customers. Mrs. Fonger said she supposed she shouldn't have taken me to the meat stall first of all, but that I would have to make its acquaintance sooner or later. That was quite an experi-

ence for me. Since I'm still under Mrs. Fonger's wing and cooking, I was able to take it. There were a few things I recognized in the market but, believe me, there were precious few. They had coconuts, bananas, string beans and a few other things with which I was familiar. One, I discovered, was bean sprouts in bulk. Something that looked like grated cheese to me turned out to be bamboo sprouts.

This land is a fruit lover's paradise. So far I've liked everything I've been served. There is a fruitlike vegetable in the shape of a Bartlett pear that tastes like a refined squash; it is called *sayote*. There is a huge grapefruitlike citrus fruit which is much more pulpy and much

Fish vendor

less juicy than grapefruit; it is *suha*. This evening we were served fried bananas; this was no ordinary banana, for the Philippines have bananas which are good only if fried or boiled. There are about eighty varieties of bananas here, large and small, and all colors—yellow, orange, red, green—tree ripened and unbelievably delicious. For dessert we had our gifts from the young people—*lanzones*. The *lanzone* (lansowny) looks a little like a very small, smooth potato. It is peeled and eaten in sections like a tangerine. People eat them as we eat popcorn or peanuts; they say once they start eating them they can't seem to stop. They are rather tasteless; they almost satisfy, but not quite. We also had *atis* (ought is). The *atis* looks like a polished pine cone. It is broken open and the inside scooped out with a spoon. It tastes like vanilla custard. Along with the custard comes a mouthful of huge black seeds about the size of kidney beans. Mr. Fonger says he sometimes accuses his wife of serving *atis* to talkative guests.

At noon we got spruced up to go to lunch with Bishop Sobrepeña and his wife. This luncheon was in honor of Dorothy Martin and us. We were taken to a most delightful inn. There were about fifteen or sixteen guests, including the Bishop's daughter who had only recently returned from four years of study in the States. Most of us ordered chicken, the specialty of the house. It was unbelievably delicious. The owner says that when people ask him how he prepares such tasty chicken, he says, "I salt and pepper the chicken and then add a little *quom*." *Quom* is the Tagalog equivalent of what-you-

may-call-it. The customer's next question, of course, is, "Where can I get the *quom*?" He answers, "Oh, at any drugstore, I think."

Doctor Sobrepeña is one of the framers of the constitution of the Philippine Republic, the president of eleven schools and colleges, former minister of the large United Church of Manila, and now the presiding bishop of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines.

After eating a delicious ice cream made of coconut—*macapuno* ice cream—we said good-by to our host and hostess and started back to town. George Earle took us home by way of Quezon City, the new city growing up five miles out of Manila as a memorial to the late Manuel Quezon. We passed the new campus of the University of the Philippines built here from the beginning since the war. We passed President Sobrepeña's Union College of Manila, and lots which may be a future Protestant center. We also saw our first carabao; he had just had his oozy mud bath and looked like what he is, the slow-moving, strong work animal of the Philippines.

We also visited our Gastambide church in the heart of Manila. Little damaged by the war, this is our original, mother church built in 1903, now more than a little down at the heels. It is at the center of a student population of 50,000 students, without a student program. Dwight is expecting to preach here twice a month. He will also preach at the Paco church on the same Sundays at an earlier hour.

October 8. Many of the names we recognize as Spanish. I thought the people with Spanish names had

Spanish ancestors on one side of the family at least. This is often not the case. Years ago when the Spanish were in control they decided that the people ought to have family names so they posted lists of names, Spanish names, and let the families choose the names they preferred. And when priests christened babies they refused to sanction pagan names, requiring "Christian" names (Spanish) instead. Even to this day in remote areas the people have only one name, the given name. They don't need any more until their special circle is enlarged. Bishop Dia was telling us at the reception the other day about an experience of his when he was trying to make up records in a remote area. He found that the lists of new converts in Cotabato (southern Mindanao) contained four hundred given names, many of them repeated. This made distinction impossible as far as he was concerned. He sent the list back and asked the people to include their family names also. The list returned, two names for each person, but the second name in each case was *Dia*. "No, no," he said as he sent the lists back again, "not my name but your own family name." When the lists returned at last, each person had two names, but the second name was that of the father—like "Carlos, the son of Luis." No doubt this is the way names grew the world over. But here we see them starting in our generation. When told they needed two names, these primitive people asked, "Why?" They were told, "So we can tell a person from other people with the same given name." "But we know who he is," they replied in some

puzzlement. The Fongers said that many families up north have taken the name of Fonger.

While on names I might mention that Bishop Sobrepeña's small grandchild is called JunJun. He is not only junior, but he is the second junior. This little boy is quite handsome, and I remarked to his aunt that he resembled the Lindbergh child who was kidnaped in America a number of years ago. I then learned that JunJun had been kidnaped when he was one year and ten months old and kept for five days until a ransom of five thousand pesos ($2,500) was paid. The family feared the Huks (armed Communists living as outlaws), but it turned out that it was the maid who had stolen him. This little boy ate with us yesterday along with his mother and daddy. His grandfather on his mother's side was born in Louisville, Kentucky. He has blue eyes, of which his parents are very proud because Filipinos almost always have brown eyes.

This afternoon I have been looking out our windows to the street below. It must be recess time at the school across the street. Small groups of laughing and talking students are all about. The girls in this school wear white blouses and maroon-colored skirts. Each school has its own uniform, as in Japan. In Manila you feel that students are everywhere; there are colleges, Bible schools, high schools, universities, and more colleges. A "college" here will include everybody from kindergarteners to those doing postgraduate work. Someone laughingly said that every second person in Manila is a student. I can look right into the classrooms from where

I am standing. The side of the school is one block of open, unscreened windows with latticed-shell shutters.

At dinner Mr. Fonger answered some of our questions about the Bible translation and dialects in the Philippines. The whole Bible has been translated into the eight major dialects; 85 per cent of the people can speak and read one or more of these. The Bible Society is constantly working on translations of books and portions of books for the other 79 dialects. This is one of Mr. Fonger's responsibilities. There are 600,000 Protestant Christians; about half a million of these are our kind of Protestants. There are about 2,000 churches and with the congregations which meet in homes there are many more.

October 9. Union Theological Seminary, just completing its first semester, went on a picnic-outing this afternoon. We all crowded into three chartered buses. We enjoyed this first complete immersion into the busful of happy, laughing, singing Filipino students. One call was made at the Pepsi-Cola plant. The missionaries had told us that they are always grateful for cola drinks away from Manila where drinking water is unsafe. We were to learn that this is true.

As we sped along, the students sang such songs as "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "I Love You Truly," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Dwight got quite tickled when they changed the words in the Battle Hymn to praise of Pepsi-Cola as we neared the bottling plant, improvising as they went along. "Young people are young people the world over!" he laughed.

We went on to a lovely outing at the beautifully landscaped Balara Park and returned to Manila about 7:30 in the evening, delayed somewhat by a slight auto accident. Returning home we watched another flaming Manila sunset.

October 10. This morning George Earle and Dwight took Mr. Quijano to pay a courtesy call on Leon Baña, minister of the Gastambide Church and senior Filipino pastor among Disciples. He and Mr. Quijano were among the first Christian converts of our earliest missionaries in 1901. How young Protestantism really is in the Philippines! In less than a lifetime these men have witnessed its entire history. Mr. Baña took his visitors on a tour of his tiny garden with its several banana and papaya trees, and in the *sala* of his home followed the universal Filipino custom of serving us refreshments, this time cola and cookies. As they were returning to the city, Dwight remarked that the refreshment custom would make pastoral calling a gastronomical feat. "Yes," George Earle rejoined, "make six pastoral calls in the Philippines and you eat six times."

Late this afternoon the Board of Trustees of Disciples of Christ in the Tagalog area met, about thirty strong, at the Owen home to bid Dorothy and us an official welcome. Again we were garlanded with *sampaguita leis.* Later Margaret served dinner to the whole group, which included many of the wives. Mrs. Baña came in her colorful Filipina dress, the *terno,* with full skirts and butterfly sleeves. Margaret matched her by wearing the *terno* given her by the ladies on her last birthday. Many

of the men wore barong Tagalog shirts, and George Earle and Dwight matched them in this.

The Board of Trustees, which is the executive body of the national brotherhood of Disciples of Christ, has a good deal more authority than American Disciples ever commit to their elected officers. In a mission land this is necessary. The Board of Trustees ordains all ministers, has much to do with the assigning of pastors, and directs one national and six district "evangelists" who have a function closely approaching that of superintendents. It is with the Trustees that the missionary works out the nature of his own assignment. The Board spent considerable time discussing just how Dwight and I would make the best use of our seven months. It was agreed that I would serve as adviser to the Christian Women's Fellowship, that Dwight would teach at Union Theological Seminary, preach at Paco and Gastambide churches on two Sundays of the month, and then circulate among the thirty-nine churches of the Tagalog area as opportunity permitted. It was also agreed that because of the possibly violent nature of the coming national election and the constant danger from the Huks that we should not venture out of Manila for several weeks, and even then only with the express permission of Secretary Malones. They also cautioned Dorothy, "Be sure you are never out after dark!" The reason was contained in one ominous word: "Huks."

October 11. Soon after breakfast George Earle and Dorothy Martin picked us up to take us on a round of Manila churches. Dr. Arzaga, a medical doctor and

president of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Quijano, and Rosie Kalimlim went with us. We went to five churches arriving at the first at 8 A.M. and leaving the last about 12:30 noon. The churches were Gastambide, Paco, Loreto, Makati, and Pasay. Some of these, as with Gastambide and Paco, have two services at different hours, one in English the other in Tagalog. Most of the services we visited were in Tagalog. At each church, although our coming and going interrupted the service, we were welcomed by speech and song and went up to the chancel to give a short response. The church buildings are tiny chapels, often without piano or organ, but always with a divided chancel containing colorful drapes or banners. The congregations filled the small sanctuaries and the people sang from their Tagalog hymnals with enthusiasm. Faces were alight, eyes sparkled. "Not many rich, but making many rich. . . ."

By four o'clock, after a light meal and a siesta much needed in the steaming heat, we were at Cosmopolitan Student Church where we stood in a receiving line with a group of Filipina ladies in colorful *ternos*. The church was large and filled to overflowing. Some of the women came great distances; not a few were from the provinces. Altogether there were about eight hundred, the United Council of Evangelical Church women reporting for an ecumenical registration. The program was two hours long. We were struck by the quiet, relaxed, unfidgety composure of a Filipino congregation; these people can sit for hours and never seem to tire. When the time came for the main address, Dwight spoke on the topic,

"Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman." These women put a challenge to him in their responsiveness and eagerness, and he met it. Our first Sunday in the Philippines, and Dwight had his first experience of preaching in this tropical heat. When we left Cosmopolitan Church, his shirt and even his linen suit were wet to the dripping stage. As soon as we got home, he stripped, showered, and changed to other clothes so we could go on to our next event.

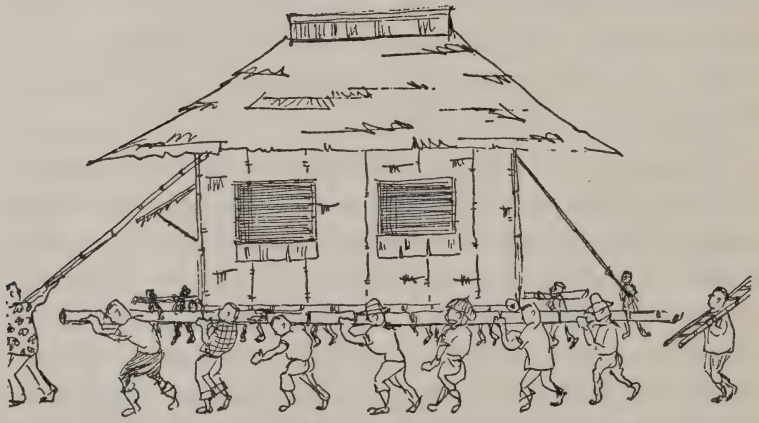
This event was a supper-reception at the apartment of Mabel Warnecke who is also from Lexington, Kentucky. She is with the U. S. FOA ("point four") program. Mabel gave this reception for Dorothy, the Owens, and us in the interest of Union Church of Manila which serves the American businessmen, government officials, and missionaries stationed here. Mabel had gathered quite a roomful of Union members for the dinner. Some were connected with the U. S. Embassy, the Army, the FOA, business, education, and the church. Sue and Charles Malotte, minister and wife, have been serving here four years. We met the Kurtzes, the Barneses, the Johnsons, the Mileses, and many more. Mr. Miles has been here with the Singer Company for thirty years; he was interned by the Japanese during the war, but so loves the Philippines that he stayed on, just as the Fongers and many missionaries have done. In fact, he is a Christian with a missionary spirit of his own. The Johnsons, too, are very interesting people. They have seven children. In the States they were connected with 4H work at the University of Mississippi until three years ago

when they came with their three youngest children to do FOA work in the Philippines. Mr. Johnson is especially qualified for this job since he is interested in the people. He travels over the whole republic teaching agriculture and setting up demonstration centers. He considers the Philippines another Garden of Eden. He, too, is a missionary in action, if not in name. If the United States is represented in the Philippines by people like these, our foreign affairs are in good hands.

October 12. Dwight has gone to the seminary to begin his teaching—Biblical Theology, Philosophy of Religion, History of Disciples of Christ, Philosophy of Religious Education. I have been trying to edit some junior Sunday church school lessons which are among the first indigenous materials to be written and printed in the Philippines. The publisher is the Philippine Federation of Christian Churches (equivalent to the National Council of Churches in the United States). Our U. S. materials which are sent over here fit this culture about like a gunny sack. This editorial labor made me conscious of the severe struggle the Filipino has with the English language.

We can get along in the Philippines without a native dialect but we can't get very far with the people. What dialects a missionary learns are decided by where he will work. Tagalog—the language of Manila and central Luzon—has been made the national language by act of Congress, but there is stiff opposition to it even though it is taught in the public schools. We can get along with English out in the provinces better than with Tagalog,

for English is the language of instruction in all the elementary schools and has been since 1898. But English is a second language, often encountered for the first time on the first day of public school, so it remains a little foreign. Pastor Baña told us that Spanish is the language of the elite—"the language of society"; English, the language of the mind; but that Tagalog was the language of the heart. This was brought forcefully to our attention Saturday night when the people tried to teach us a little Tagalog. We are beginning to stumble over a few phrases such as *magandang umaga-po* (good morning), *palaam na-po* (good-by), *salamat-po* (thank you). The *po,* meaning *sir* or *madam,* is the unvarying sign of respect, required by Tagalog usage. Of course, in other regions Tagalog is regarded as a foreign language and it is some other tongue of the 87 dialects which is the language of the heart. English has lost ground here. Those educated by American teachers during the early American period speak good English, but the Japanese



Neighbors lend a hand when moving day comes round

occupation, the introduction of Nipongo into the public schools, the habitual speaking of the native dialects on all informal occasions have combined to produce a teen-age generation short on English. "Filipino English" is almost a new language.

October 13. Yesterday our baggage was moved to the Owen house. You ought to see that house now. The Owens make it crowded enough, but add Dorothy Martin's five-year supply and our luggage and you have more of a warehouse than a home. There is little closet space. Everything has to be piled around or under beds. The house has three bedrooms, a tiny kitchen, pantry, and a dining room-*sala*. The rooms are divided by single-thickness plywood partitions which stop five feet short of the high ceilings, to provide for the circulation of the all-important air. When guests are present, which is most of the time, privacy is an impossible luxury. Even a whisper carries to every part of the house. Now there are eight of us living here, while packing for Baguio is going on.

October 14. About 9:30 Mrs. Cariño and Mrs. Sararana arrived with two big boxes of Christmas cards. Margaret had another meeting and I was left to work with them. They speak English but were determined that I should learn some Tagalog. They spilled out a lot of words. I believe about two of them sank into my brain. Daisy Huber had sent the cards. The ladies were happy to get them. They erase the names on the cards with Clorox. After reconditioning, the cards are put into new envelopes. They are sorted into piles;

names that won't erase are cut off with a paper cutter. As Mrs. Cariño says, "We have first-class, second-class, third-class, and fourth-class cards." These will be sold for from fifteen to five centavos at the Christmas season and used by their purchasers as their own personal greetings for the yuletide. Last year the women realized 50 pesos ($25.00) for their Fellowship from the sale of these cards. We worked the whole day and will have to return to this work another day. I recognized many names I knew. The ladies are sad when a bunch of cards comes with the name cut out. That spoils them for the first-class cards right off. They were saying, though, that this is about the last year for the project because a number of Filipino firms are beginning to produce good native cards close to the same price range. Until now they have been so expensive that our poor church members have had no choice, if they were to send greetings at all, but to use the secondhand American ones.

I haven't tried to record Dwight's schedule because I can't keep up with it. You can picture him settling down as teacher at Union, as preacher at Paco and Gastambide, and as adviser to thirty-nine Tagalog churches. Like George Earle, he has three offices: one in the bedroom at home, one at Union Seminary where George Earle's library is, and one at Paco church where the national office secretary of the Tagalog churches keeps headquarters. He spends a little time in each of these offices each day. There are always mail, packages to clear through the customs, plus all the work of a busy pastor compounded many times.

October 18. I'll skip to midafternoon. Pastor de Guzman arrived to accompany us to Tondo church where Dwight is scheduled to speak to our combined CYF groups for the Manila district. Benito prepared us some *calamansi* juice. We sat on the porch drinking juice and getting acquainted with this pastor, a graduate of Union, struggling to keep a family on an impossible salary. The time scheduled for the meeting was close at hand but he still sat. Dwight, whose middle name is punctuality, began to fidget. Pastor de Guzman reassured him, "No hurry, the meeting was scheduled Filipino time." This was something new. He went on to say that Filipino time was scheduling events an hour or two before you expected them to start so that when you did start the people would be there. They learned it from the Spaniards. Some events are American time, some Filipino time. How can we tell the difference? The Filipinos seem to have a sixth sense that tells them which it is; we never discovered their secret.

Finally even the Filipino time was used up, so we started for the jeepney stop. If you ever want an unusual ride, hail a jeepney. Imagine war games going on with jeeps, in formation, then out, then every which way.

Tondo church is located in the worst Manila slums. Slums! An American can't grasp it until he has seen and smelled it. Babies and children are playing in the muddy streets near open sewers. The children don't wear much clothing; up to about five years they wear a

short shirt or slip. According to American custom, these don't cover the right places. Panties or diapers are rare or nonexistent.

The Tondo church is trying to make a dent in this slum area. It must be successful in part, at least, for many of our Christian leaders have come out of Tondo. The church is an abandoned store front.

The service was conducted in Tagalog. First there was a Bible contest. This attracted folks from all around, who came crowding into the aisles, filling the doors and windows. The place was jammed for a while. The young people were all clean and neat though their clothes showed signs of many washings. I've noticed that the Filipino bathes frequently and his clothes are always clean and pressed. The women certainly spend a lot of their time washing and ironing. This is remarkable, since washing methods are very primitive. Clothes are washed by hand; the *lavandera* works in a squatting position. Clothes are seldom hung on lines, but are spread on the grass, on rocks, tables, or sheets of *galva.* Filipinos are great for bleaching everything. Several such washings were bleaching within sight of the Tondo church as we met.

Back to the youth meeting: Each group had prepared a special feature for this meeting. I was given the task of presenting the prizes for the Bible contest. I didn't know about this until I saw the program; since it was printed in Tagalog, it took me a little while to figure out my assignment exactly. The program was long—from 3:30 until 6:00. Dwight was the last speaker.

Before taking our jeepney ride back to Wright Street, we visited the home of Elder Calayag, the only house untouched by the bombing and firing of Tondo in the war. The church had met in this house through the war years. It stands on stilts right over the water of Manila Bay. Mr. Calayag is a fisherman. The simple open *sala* contains almost no furniture. By far the most important item is a Singer Sewing Machine. We didn't stay long. Mrs. Calayag doesn't speak English, and night was coming fast. Tondo is no place for strangers after dark. We said good-by and as we passed down the front steps to the boardwalk we admired the day's catch of fish which lay on the stoop, ready for the market early on the morrow.

Living over the water as these people do, and in jam-packed proximity to their neighbors, they have no place for the family pigs, which in most neighborhoods live on the ground beneath the houses. The owners put them in crates at the edge of the boardwalk overhanging the Bay. The pigs' snouts pressed through the bars formed an avenue for us, coming and going.

We got a jeepney. Again, as when coming, we transferred at Quiapo. We were traveling at a busy hour. Jeepneys were everywhere. Dwight's comment to Pastor de Guzman was, "The streets are paved with jeepneys." When we arrived home, we bathed and ate a light supper. Now I am trying valiantly to keep my eyes open long enough to finish this page.

October 20. Lynn and Lillian Keyes and Hubert Reynolds came in last night. It took them twelve hours

The Filipino builds his home high off the ground

to get here from Vigan, where Hubert is stationed. The Keyes started from their bamboo and swali home in mountainous Apayao last Thursday morning. Today is Tuesday. They were quite brave to travel down treacherous Kabugao river at high water, especially since they have capsized on the two previous trips. The river is their only avenue in and out of Apayao, unless they walk four days to or from Laoag over narrow, steep mountain foot trails. This time they stayed afloat; they said the trip was just normally hard. The Keyes have had a hard two years in a primitive region. This is supposed to be an orientation trip for new missionaries, a little late for them but maybe better than never. All the new or comparatively new missionaries related to the

United Church of Christ in the Philippines are going to Silliman University for a period of orientation. They leave Manila for Dumaguete by plane tomorrow morning.

Leonard, Ruth and Barry Brummett, also to attend the conference, came driving up in their jeep yesterday afternoon after ten hours on the road from Bangued, Abra. They were tired and felt hot and dirty, but they didn't begin to look as tired as the others when they arrived the day before. Like the Keyes, the Brummetts are about two years late for an orientation conference.

Dorothy Martin arrived from Baguio about 6:30 this evening. We had just started our evening meal, but she was able to get washed in time to eat with us. There were nine at the table. I'm getting along fine, but I wouldn't be able to handle it without Benito. All of this would be hard on the budget, but it is a rule among missionaries that they put so much in the kitty for each day they stay, so we'll be able to keep out of the red. I don't much like this way of dealing with guests but it is a general practice, and I can see that it is necessary. All missionary homes in Manila are filled to overflowing a good share of the time because it is a port city through which all missionaries to all the islands must pass; there is also a constant stream of important visitors. We were to discover in the next seven months that we would have house guests most of the time.

October 22. Bienvenidas for us are still going! Our official welcoming to the seminary was done yesterday afternoon. The reception was held out on the spacious

grassy lawn back of the school. We were garlanded with *sampaguitas* once again. The students had prepared a lovely program of native songs and dances. These people have a natural grace which far outstrips anything at home. We especially enjoyed the *Pandango Sa Ilaw* (dance of lights) and *Tinikling*. The latter is done with bamboo poles, a kind of Far Eastern version of skip-the-rope, done with two long bamboo poles struck against each other in rhythm as young couples dance in, around, and between them to music. A very tricky business!

October 24. At any minute now I expect ten to twelve young people to arrive for a meeting of the executive committee of the National Christian Youth Fellowship. These young people are the cream of the Philippines. We are especially drawn to Carlito Azcarraga, the president, Rosie Kalimlim, the secretary, and

Tinikling, a native dance

Amor Banda, the vice-president. Amor is president of the student body of Far Eastern University, the head student executive of 18,000 students. He is the son of the late Pedro Banda, one of the pioneer Christian pastors who died tragically in the Japanese occupation. Rosie survived a general massacre in 1944 during which eleven members of her immediate family were slain. Carlito is a student in Union preparing for what must surely be a brilliant, sacrificial career as a Christian pastor. These are national leaders, and would be so among any group of young people anywhere in the world.

October 28. It was raining this morning when we awoke. I think it rained all night. I know it rained most of yesterday. Regardless of the weather reports, Dorothy, back from Dumaguete, finished her packing and got ready to go to Baguio. The Brummetts, also here, took her to the bus station in their jeep. The wind kept blowing harder and the rain poured. We wanted Dorothy to postpone the trip but she felt that she could not afford to be away from her class in Tagalog any longer. By the time the Brummetts got back they were wet to the skin. They said the streets were flooded and that people were wading in water up to their knees. When Dwight got home from Union, he, too, looked like a duck. The afternoon classes had been dismissed. He said that they were actually shoveling water with a scoop from the first floor of the seminary building. Here at home, Benito and I dashed around trying to shut up the house, but the wind drove so hard that we were soaked. Our yard now looks like a lake. We haven't

been able to get news about the typhoon because the radio is out of order. Benito said it was the hardest rain he had seen in his ten years in Manila. It was our hardest rain, ever. At breakfast this morning Len said it looked like typhoon weather to him. It was. We had expected the Keyes back from Dumaguete today, but we think they must be grounded somewhere along the way by the typhoon.

October 30. Our yard is really flooded. The grocery boy waded through water calf deep when he came in our kitchen to deliver groceries. He had on wooden shoes, and that helped. The sun is out now, and Len and Ruth, determined to get back to Bangued, waded to the jeep, carrying Barry, and drove off. Lynn and Lillian did get in last night after all. They had got a drenching yesterday too at Iloilo.

The postman looked so drenched and pathetic yesterday when he delivered the mail that we had him stop on the porch and eat a meal. We were just sitting down to lunch, so Benito fixed an extra plate for him.

The storm yesterday knocked down two of our banana trees. I don't know what the center of a typhoon is like but the edges are bad enough. As we learned later, the center of the typhoon cut across Luzon several miles north of Manila. Dorothy's bus got away barely in time to miss being in its path. Now we had a name for the storm: it was typhoon Betty, and we were a little surprised to be told that it was just a little one.

While here, Ruth Brummett was telling me of her interest in prenatal care. She said a young mother

died recently of childbirth in her neighborhood, not far from the Abra Christian Hospital which is connected to their mission. It was a difficult delivery, so the midwife cut the head off the child. Then she told the kinfolk that the rest would absorb in the mother. The young mother was taken to the hospital, but too late. These mountain people are afraid of hospitals. They say their kin die there. They do, but it is because they are taken when it is too late.

The Keyes left early this morning for Los Baños to visit the agricultural school there. Lynn wanted to see this school because, as an agricultural missionary, he feels that he has more to learn about tropical farming in the Apayao mountains.

Dwight is discovering that he is having to do a great deal of repeating and counseling to get his ideas across to his classes at the seminary. His students speak English, but words have different meanings to different people. This is true of everybody, of course, but it is much more true here. We were interested in reading in the *Manila Times Magazine* about a Filipina who traveled in England. She commented, "English English is so different from American English." We would add, Filipino English is still different. Most of them speak very well grammatically, but their pronunciations are unique. I have to strain to get their meaning. Occasionally I think they are speaking Tagalog when they are speaking English. Dorothy was quite embarrassed about two weeks after her arrival when she said to a small group of young people who were meeting with her, "Let's speak

English, shall we?" They had been speaking English. It is easy for them to drop into their dialect, however. In fact, Amor Banda said to us only the other day, "You must forgive us if we speak Tagalog. We don't mean to be impolite, but it slips so easily from our tongues." They all try to make us speak some Tagalog, and we can see that it is important for the missionary to know the language of the people. Sunday, after he had preached at Paco, Dwight thought he would try out some of his newly acquired Tagalog phrases. He tried it on bright, young Mariano Laory. Mariano answered in English, "I don't speak Tagalog. I am an Ilocano." So it goes. Tagalog is the National Language but that's about as easy to put across here as it would be to put the language of Texas across to the rest of the United States, if we had various languages in the States.

All Saints' Day

November 2. Yesterday afternoon Dwight and Lynn left the house at 3:30 to pick up a part Lynn needed to take back with him to Kabugao, but which wasn't ready Saturday. He had forgotten that it was All Saints' Day. Dwight had read of it in the newspaper but had failed to understand what that means in the Philippines. Though they had to go only about a mile downtown and another mile out Rizal avenue, their route was past the principal cemeteries of Manila. They got caught in traffic so solid that at times they couldn't even manage to creep. They got home at 7 o'clock. It was no distance

at all; the ride back took them just fifteen minutes, but they came around another way. All the people in Manila—all two million of them—were carrying flowers to the graves of their loved ones. The night before thousands of them sat up all night at the graves with lighted candles. The cemeteries were a blaze of candlelight. Candles are burned at home and in churches, too. The Roman Catholic church collects a lot of fees on this day; it is then that the rent is due on the tombs. All of this answered a question which Dwight had had in mind; since sitting on the curriculum committee of the Federation here, he discovered an annual Sunday church school lesson on our attitudes toward our dead. He had come home wondering, "Why is so much time spent on the dead in these lesson plans?" Now he knew. There is a lot to counteract in the mind of a Filipino Protestant.

November 5. About three in the afternoon I thought it was time I started educating Dwight. I took him to the San Andres Market near our house where we buy many of our foods. It is similar to the market we saw our first week in Manila, but it is much cleaner and quieter. The noise, bustle, and milling crowd at Central Market had me at wit's end in five seconds. I showed Dwight what some of the foods he had been eating look like when they are in the market. It was just at the end of siesta hour. Everything was especially quiet, and many of the vendors were still stretched out for their siesta. On benches under the counters, or doubled up on stools, they lay dead to the world about them. They looked as relaxed as cats napping. The Filipinos are a

relaxed people. When they get tired, they lie down where they are or squat on their heels resting. It is a high art. To rest as successfully, an American needs an innerspring mattress and complete privacy.

Shoes

November 6. Since I first stepped off the ship in Japan, I have been interested in footwear. Both Japanese and Filipinos wear wooden shoes, but they are very different. The Japanese wooden shoe is held on by a thong between the big toe and little toes, and it is set on two blocks. The Filipino wooden shoe is more simple, a thick wooden sole with a toe strip for all the toes; it is called *bakya.* Sometimes it has a heel and sometimes not. Sometimes it is carved and painted, sometimes plain. *Bakya* are worn out of doors and left at the door or steps. The more prosperous people wear leather shoes. Nené wears the *bakya* when she is doing our washing; when she enters the house, she leaves them outside, and goes barefoot. Benito wears wooden shoes, too. He does have leather ones, but he saves them for special occasions. He goes barefoot in the house; or sometimes he wears a slipper called a *sinela* which is a sole with a toe strap. We have learned to appreciate such open footgear. Strange as it sounds, the *bakya,* since it is carved to fit the arch, is surprisingly comfortable. After a little practice in curling the toes, it is not difficult to keep them on, though we shall never learn to match the Filipinos who can run in them!

The *Philippine Free Press* carries the story of a popular jeepney driver. He does not own his jeep, but rents it from a man who has a chain of them. The rate is six pesos per day ($3.00). His gasoline costs five pesos

Waiting for the bus

($2.50). If he begins work at 5:30 A.M. and works until 9 P.M. every day except Sunday, he will gross from nineteen to twenty pesos per day ($9.50 to $10.00). Subtract the rent and gas. That leaves him with eight or nine pesos ($4.00 or $4.50) per day for a fifteen-and-a-half-hour day. This driver is more fortunate than many because he has a fairly regular group of riders.

November 7. I went to Paco church this morning and sat with the executive committee of the Christian Women's Fellowship of the Tagalog area, which name in Tagalog is *Kaisahang Kababaihan Kristiano sa Katagalugan.* Some of the women had come long distances. One was from Los Baños. That, I know, is a two-hour bus ride away, for the Keyes took it while they were here recently. Another was from Infanta; that is across the Sierra Madre mountain range on the Pacific shore, clear across Luzon Island. These ladies were planning for their big annual convention next Friday and Saturday. There was considerable business. They spoke in Tagalog with an occasional break into English for the benefit of this poor goof who has only one language to her credit. However, I've attended so many meetings of like nature during the last twenty-five years that I had a pretty good idea of what was being said. As I sat and looked around the room, I figured that almost every lady present reminded me of someone back home.

National Elections

November 10. When Benito wrote the grocery list yesterday, he put down, "Nov. 9—day before election

day." That gives you some idea how important this election is to the people here. It has been a hard-fought campaign with many threats of violence. Not long ago Carlos P. Romulo defied an armed gang of hoodlums in his audience. They were shooting tommy guns into the air and raising a disturbance to disperse the crowd. Romulo, who was campaigning for Magsaysay, challenged them. "If you are going to shoot anybody, shoot me," he dared. They stood glaring at him, quiet now. He had drawn their sting. Then, "Leave this meeting!" he demanded, as they slunk away. There had been many incidents bordering on this kind of intimidation and violence. The populace had as background the memory of the disgraceful election of 1949 when hundreds of people were killed, ballot boxes were stolen, and the Quirino forces turned the election into a travesty. With Magsaysay as secretary of defense, the elections of 1952 had been clean; he had used the whole Philippine army to police the polling places. But now Magsaysay was no longer in the cabinet; he was a candidate running against Quirino. The campaign issue had settled down to one—corruption in government. It was a real test of democracy in a republic which was only seven and a half years old. A repetition of the dirty election of 1949 and democracy would be finished here. Quirino, cultured, wealthy, elite, was the choice of the vested interests—and of the Communists who wanted corruption to seed out into violence so they could capture the government. Magsaysay, wartime guerrilla fighter, former defense secretary who had given the Huks their only defeats, was

the man of the people and the people's hero; but he had no power back of him except the love and trust of the people. Magsaysay had carried his campaign into the remotest barrios where national politicians have never been seen before. We find that all our church people are rooting for Magsaysay. And, secretly, so are we.

We are sitting here at the radio listening to the election returns. Radio station DZMB, with scores of telegraph and telephone reporters scattered throughout the Islands and provinces, has created a glare of publicity in which every election irregularity is aired shortly after it happens. "By golly," as Sok Roderiques, the Filipino announcer says, "we've got something here." Sok and his American side-kick, Bob Stewart, are on the air around the clock to help insure a clean election. There are reports of killings, stolen ballot boxes, jeepney-loads of men with tommy guns riding through barrios warning people to keep away from the polls, but the people are going to the polls in the biggest turnout of history. One reported killing was at Cavite, the province on Manila Bay to the south of Manila. Benito said they were bad ones down there. Benito wanted to know if Americans all carried guns. He said in American movies they all seemed to have guns. I told him the pictures he had seen were of the Old West. His eyes grew big as he said, "Ooo . . . no more?" The Philippines, having so recently emerged from the war and the occupation with its guerrilla army, and harboring within its mountains even now an armed band of four or five thousand Huks, was still in the gun-toting stage. An election in

such a situation is no pink tea. During this election, it is against the law to serve liquor. With good reason!

Sok and Bob deserve a lot of credit for the clean elections. For three days and nights these fellows stayed at the mike and gave the people the news as it was made. They had telephones in the studio to keep in touch with the remotest provinces. Some politicos didn't like this, so they saw that someone was sent to take the phones out. Such a wave of public opinion arose at this that the phones remained. The election was really an exciting chapter in democracy, a triumph of courage and freedom in the face of intimidation and armed terror. The elections were rugged, frontierlike, but strong and big with promise for a worthy future. It has been a good time to see a young republic in action.

November 11. Sok and Bob are still on the radio nonstop. As I turned on the radio a few minutes ago, I heard, "Cinnamum-mum rolls! Oh, I like cinnamum-mum rolls." It seems that these two men have not left the microphone for twenty-four hours and had been without food. Now they are receiving box after box of bakery goods. It almost made me hungry to hear the announcer describe the delicacies that had come in. It looks now to be certain that Magsaysay has won by a landslide. The election ended with only 10 dead and 26 wounded. Democracy is back in business.

November 13. Mrs. José came to visit me yesterday. She has a daughter in college studying to become a doctor. Since they have eleven children, pesos are not very plentiful. She came to get a stethoscope and some

other medical instruments which we had for her. Doctor Owen, knowing this girl needed instruments and could not afford to buy them, had written to the Park Avenue Church in New York where he used to serve and had asked them to check and see if any of the doctors in the church might have instruments that they were no longer using. He got an immediate response. Mrs. José was very happy to get these instruments for her daughter, whose name is Julita. But don't let the spelling fool you, the pronunciation is *Oolita Hos ā.*

The José family owns a jeepney. They bought it through the credit union of the church. Mrs. José says they earn what they can from it during the week, but that it is dedicated to the church on Sunday. It picks up and takes members to Pasay church. Mr. José is a public school teacher.

Just before noon Mrs. Cariño came to get some glasses and plastic spoons to use for serving dinner tomorrow at the National CWF convention. She took the food chopper too so they can fix *ubi,* a much valued root pudding which is purple in color. She is quite concerned about the pesos she is spending; she wants enough food but if she gets too much she will be in debt. Each delegate pays a little, but only a little. The ladies would like the meal to pay for itself. It will be served out of doors. If this rain turns into a typhoon, that will surely fix everything. You ought to see the program for tomorrow. If everyone on the program makes a speech of any length, we will be there till this time next week. Even though it's in Tagalog, I can see that. Mrs.

Cariño always speaks a mouthful of Tagalog when she comes in. Today she started rattling off Tagalog. I rescued the word *payong* out of the jumble. That was the word she was teaching me today. *Payong* means umbrella. You can use a *payong* in this weather.

Convention

November 14. This has been a very full and tiring day. We went to the convention about 8:30 A.M. and now we're back, getting home just in time for supper. To rest my feet I got my old blue slippers out of the cupboard to slip them on. I found them a mess of mildew, both inside and out. Here, you alternate between mildew and heat rash; sometimes they come together.

It has been an interesting day at the convention. Many of the ladies dressed in their *ternos.* That in itself made it interesting, for the dresses are different and pretty and colorful. It was also absorbing to see how intently the ladies listened to the various speakers. They sat all that time too—no brief interludes or ups and downs for singing or prayers. I had plenty of time to watch the audience since I could not understand much that was being said. All the speaking was in Tagalog. You couldn't live here long without feeling that you must learn Tagalog. Occasionally they used our names, and we wondered what they were saying that they could possibly bring our names into the discussion.

Talk about pews! We never had sat on anything like them. As the three slats making up the pew worked deeper and deeper into my anatomy, I felt for those little Filipina ladies. They are so thin they surely must feel those slats, but if they did, we could not tell it. They never squirm, but just sit very still, hour upon hour.

The noon meal was something. There are no basements here, so we did not eat in the church basement as we would have done at home. The Makati folks had constructed a banquet hall for the occasion. The space between two houses—one was the home of Mrs. Cariño —was fenced around with banana leaves making a wall about six or seven feet high. They found enough canvas to make a roof over the lot. Tables were set up for the crowd, and there was a crowd. "The brethren," as they like to be called, love to get together. The ground was wet through by the previous evening's rain, but the folks fixed that by paving it with leaves and shavings.

If anyone ever gets to heaven for eating things he does not recognize, I'll surely be on the list. I ate, and ate, and didn't ask questions. I thought the less I knew, the better off I might be. The food all looked good and tasted very good. I can say with certainty that we had meat—one slice—stew, fried fish, papaya, banana, and a huge, huge mound of rice. I'm beginning to wonder if rice is a slimming food. These folks had no difficulty eating the huge mound of rice and many of them had a second helping. I managed to eat about a fourth of my mound. For dessert we had *ubi.* The food chopper

Mrs. Cariño borrowed had evidently worked satisfactorily. The folks' eyes got as big as saucers when they saw that we were to have *ubi* for dessert.

As the *ubi* came near, Dwight began to eye his tray to see where he could put it. He was about to pass it up when an old gentleman helped him out by lifting his banana from a section of the tray and filling it with a heap of *ubi*. I sat looking on and wondering why we hadn't insisted on getting those dysentery shots. Banana skins have to be watched. Missionaries often come down with amoebic dysentery; it is difficult to avoid.

The folks were pleased to have us with them. They couldn't do enough for us. They put a lot of time and energy into this meeting. We had our pictures taken with the delegation which came the farthest. It was the Infanta group. Host pastor Catalino Laysico was included in the picture. He is a grand person, a graduate of Union Seminary. The Makati church is thriving under his tireless pastoral cultivation.

Fifth Angel

November 15. We attended the United Church of Manila this morning. Some folks call it Sobrepeña's church because he was pastor there for about twenty-five years. The church was crowded; there were perhaps as many as 1,500 present, a large percentage were students. Here is Protestantism's future in the Philippines—the

students. Only in Manila can they break away from a stultifying Roman Catholic culture and make a new beginning.

This afternoon, having heard so much about Felix Manalo's churches, we decided to look up his new palace-church in San Juan Del Monte. The Manalistas number about a million; they call themselves Iglesia Ni Cristo (Church of Christ). Our people do not like this because they are Iglesia Ni Cristo (Discipulos), a fact that causes them sometimes to be confused with the Manalistas. Felix Manalo is a renegade Disciple preacher with a scandalous history. He joined several other church groups before he decided to launch out and start his own. He has made himself a force to be dealt with, even in national politics. He tells his preachers what to preach, and so forth. He is a real dictator. Somewhere about the time of World War I he got the idea that he was the fifth angel of Revelation 7:2. And now he had built a palace-cathedral at a reported cost of three million pesos, all by native subscription. This imposing concrete structure painted a pastel green stands behind a wall, with armed guards pacing inside the gates. The fifth angel is now about seventy years old. He will die some day. What then?

On the way home we passed a number of women swinging along with huge loads on their heads. You don't see stooped Filipinas. Perhaps the practice of balancing things on their heads is responsible. They are graceful when they walk, even though they are carrying terrific weights. It is a pleasure to watch them, and it

looks easy, even though the burden may be a five-gallon kerosene can full of water. I have never seen a man with a load on his head. He will hang his burden in two bundles or containers from a pole swung across a shoulder; and he will swing along in graceful rhythm, halfway between a run and walk.

White Christmas

November 19. I've been busy since 8:30 A.M. today. The ladies came to frame pictures for their annual Christmas gift to the pastors. After that was finished, we worked on the Christmas card project. We have so

Carrying their wares Filipino fashion

many cards that we plan to put some of them away for next year. Mrs. Cariño said, "Next year when we get these cards out, Mrs. Stevenson will be no more already. We'll think about her helping us this year."

Two of the ladies ate their lunches here on the porch. Benito served them on a tray. After they had eaten, they said, "We will rest a bit." They insisted that I go in and take a siesta while they just leaned back in their chairs and relaxed. I was glad they insisted, for I was tired and I couldn't take my siesta sitting up as they can. Mrs. Cariño had been the first one to arrive in the morning. She is an extraordinary person, never rushed but always doing something. She began to figure what tools we would need for the day's work. She said to me, "Do you have a HAHMer?" I didn't get it at first, but when I did I unconsciously imitated, "Oo, a HAHMer." I went into the house and asked Benito if we had a hammer. If I stay in the Philippines very long, I'll be speaking Filipino English too. Mrs. José came next. Still later Mrs. Saysay arrived. She is the wife of a pastor who is a retired veteran of the U. S. Navy and a graduate of Union Seminary. We certainly agreed with her when she said, "I have a wonderful husband." He is one of our very finest pastors; he also teaches at Philippine Christian College and serves as recording secretary of the Philippine Federation of Christian Churches.

While we worked, the ladies kept breaking into song. Filipinos like to sing, and they have beautiful voices. They sang Christmas carols most of the time. But one

lady kept coming back to "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," and singing snatches of it. Finally my curiosity got the better of me; in this tropical country I knew she had never seen snow, so I asked her, "What does a white Christmas mean to you?" The three ladies answered almost as one, "White wrapped gifts for the poor and needy. Why, what does it mean to you?"

Dwight spoke to the students at Philippine Christian College in their chapel today. President Javier said that his dream was that Manila should have a truly great Protestant college. This former dean of law at Silliman University is a truly great man, a great force, and magnetic presence. He feels that democracy can never really win in the Philippines as long as the Roman Catholics are in such a majority. He said that Catholicism and democracy do not and cannot long exist together. Democracy is not something which a child considers his birthright over here; it is still something to be won.

Dwight has brought home several packages of clothing and other supplies which have just cleared the customs. He is now checking through them. All can be used by the needy people. He reported that there are several packages of Kool-aid in one carton. We are very glad to get these; it may seem strange, but Kool-aid is used for communion wine. Vintage grapes are not grown here. In the provinces they have to use whatever they have for communion wine. Very often it is a cola drink. Dwight has thought about this some and he says that grapes were used in Palestine because that is what the people had at hand as their common beverage. So cola

makes sense after all. But coconut milk or *calamsi* juice and rice would be even more suitable here than bread and wine. Just one of the little problems of transplanting a faith from one culture to another!

The "Filipino Sickness"

November 21. Seven ladies and two pastors came to work on the Christmas program. The ladies included those I have already mentioned plus Mrs. Oro and Mrs. Juliana Banda and some others. Mrs. Oro is the mother of nine living children, and is a schoolteacher; at present she is the president of the national CWF. Mrs. Banda is the national adviser. She has three other jobs. She is principal of a high school with seven hundred students in the mornings. In the afternoons she divides her time between Union Seminary and a downtown college. The two pastors were Catalino Laysico and Laureano Banda, the national evangelist.

During the morning, while the meeting was in progress, we were serenaded three times for the Malate fiesta then in progress, so that meant going to the gate three times and paying our serenaders off with some centavos. The meeting was to have lasted two hours, but we were still going strong at 11:30. I began to realize that we would be going past noon and that lunch would have to be served. I knew we were short on rations because we hadn't been to market or store and

it was Saturday. I had Benito cook up a lot of rice. We had plenty of eggs, so he scrambled enough for everybody. By adding some leftover vegetables and cookies we had a kind of lunch. It wasn't too much, but the folks seemed to enjoy it very much. We served ourselves from the dining table and then went out on the screened-in porch to eat.

This is fiesta time in our district of Malate. Each parish has its patron saint and its annual fiesta in his honor. A section of streets near the church will be blocked off and elaborately decorated with bamboo arches and banners. Bands will march, firecrackers and bombs will be exploded. Carnivals of entertainers will make merry, and the church treasuries will grow fat. I'm forever jumping out of my skin as another merrymaker goes whooping it up by setting off another string of firecrackers. Little singing groups have been stopping at our gate for about a week. They stay until they receive something. Mrs. Oro said this morning, "It is the Filipino sickness. We save all year and then spend as much as 1,000 pesos in three days." Mrs. Oro is no Catholic and has no sympathy for the fiesta system, but she said, "Since we live in a Catholic community, we have to go along with the custom if we want to live in peace and harmony with our neighbors. At fiesta time we are obligated to feed everyone who drops in on us. And they do drop in. There may be as many as three hundred people in a single day." Mrs. Oro invited us to come to her home during the fiesta in her *barrio* of Cainta. She invited all of those at our house for the

present meeting; that number in itself will make a full table. That will be November 30. I can tell you more about fiestas then.

November 26. Hubert is down from Vigan for a series of meetings with the Federation and the United Church. He has just told us a most unusual story. He has been to many *despeditas* (farewell parties) but recently he saw one for the book. Seems a couple of years ago a man in Vigan killed a policeman. Due process of law took some time and they were just getting around to sending him to prison for two years for this killing. So his friends gave him a *despedita.* When asked how his family would get along without him for two years, he said, "Oh, they'll get along fine. My wife can curl hair." Hubert said when he got out of jail, his friends would probably have a *bienvenida* for him. Hubert, working in Vigan which is the Catholic capital of the Philippines, always has this kind of morality breathing down his back.

Not by Bread Alone

November 28. This morning I was very touched. Benito was so busy with company, lunches, cakes, and the like that he sent Nené to the market. She came back with what he sent her for but she had also bought a bouquet of flowers for fifteen centavos (7½c). She was standing at the door just like a wee girl when Benito gave me the change and said, "I didn't tell Nené to buy

flowers." Nené does not speak English, so I smiled at her and said, "*Mabuti*" (good). Nené was so happy a big smile burst forth, and Benito looked relieved. He itemizes everything he buys. Nené has pennies to live on, really not enough food, certainly not enough clothes, but a fifteen-centavo bouquet made her happy and she couldn't resist the temptation to buy it. This has made me think and think hard. I had been planning to give her something useful and practical for Christmas. Now I'm wondering what I can give her that will put the sparkle in her eyes that came from a tiny bunch of flowers.

Fiesta

November 30. The Bandas, mother and son, arrived at Wright Street about 9 A.M. We climbed into the station wagon and went around Makati way to pick up Mrs. Cariño, Mrs. Sararana, and Pastor Laysico, and we were off toward Cainta in response to Mrs. Oro's invitation. We drove in the midst of typhoon rains. We passed rice fields with their carabaos, occasional clusters of nipa huts, groves of plumelike bamboo, and coconut palms. Always in the distance we could see the mountains. After we had passed a couple of highway check points guarded by soldiers under heavy arms, with jeeps and machine guns standing by for ready engagement, we realized that those mountains were more lovely than they were peaceful. The Huks were never far from the thoughts of everyone. Our fellow passengers told us

that it had been just two years since the Huks were driven out of Cainta. Dwight asked Pastor Laysico, a peace-loving man, "What if we meet some Huks? Are you a good Huk fighter?" Pastor Laysico's only answer was a generous smile.

We didn't need a car radio to keep things lively on this trip, which took us about twenty miles beyond Manila's city limits. Our five passengers chatted merrily, in Tagalog for the most part. Pastor Laysico was directing us, but sometimes he forgot to shift into English for the purpose. Several times Dwight failed to catch the direction "*liko*" (turn) in the conversation and continued to go straight ahead, which necessitated a reversal of the course and a new try. After this happened a few times, we learned to listen for the "*liko*."

Carabao, plow, and man spell food in the Philippines

We have added the word to our Tagalog vocabulary, and I doubt if we ever forget it.

As we came into Cainta, we passed the huge Catholic church. There were so many decorations that we didn't have to guess that the fiesta was in progress. Gaiety and fiesta go hand in hand. I was struck by the number of vendors—vendors selling fruits, balloons, cigarettes, and candles—vendors by the score. Catholicism and candles seem almost synonymous. Huge baskets of red and white candles were on sale. I was especially interested in one woman who had a huge traylike basket in her hands and a thin, long stogie in her mouth. She was smoking the stogie with the lighted end in her mouth. (I've seen Filipinas doing this a number of times, but never a Filipino.) As people came up to buy from her —and very often the purchase was a single cigarette— she gave her customer a light from the stogie she was smoking.

We arrived at Mrs. Oro's house. The whole family was there to greet us with big smiles. The house stood on stilts up out of the water from the heavy rains, a big wash drying under the floor. At the foot of the stairs leading up to the living quarters were many pairs of *bakya* (wooden shoes) worn by the family. We kept our shoes on. Naomi Oro came tripping down those stairs under an umbrella to shelter us from the rain, and we climbed into a glorious day of Filipino hospitality.

At the top of the steps we climbed over a bamboo gate put there to keep the little ones from falling down the steps. Here was the porch, so close to the window of

the house next door that we could have shaken hands with the neighboring family if we were of a mind to. Though we didn't see it, I think there must have been a bedroom back of the porch. We entered the house from the side of the porch and found ourselves in the dining room. There were a long table and several straight chairs and a bench. There was a shelf on the wall for all sorts of things, including some shoes. There was also a painting done by one of the sons. To our right a door led to the kitchen; another door gave access to the *sala,* or living room. We were ushered into the *sala,* a room about ten feet by twelve. There was no furniture in the *sala* but a few straight chairs, a small table, and two wardrobes. A radio sat on a little shelf. A mirror hung across one corner. The floor was made of narrow strips of bamboo nailed about one-half an inch apart. As we walked on the strips, they gave slightly to our weight. Undoubtedly the floor also served as bed at night. I looked up and saw the thatch of the roof, for there is no ceiling. The house was wired for electricity; a single dropcord fastened to the ridge-pole supported an unshaded bulb. The windows were wide and unscreened. The houses of Cainta are so close together that you see and hear everything that transpires on all sides. A Hedda Hopper would be about as necessary here as a fur coat. I have heard missionaries say that Filipinos dislike privacy. How do they know? They never have any.

Mrs. Oro calls the fiesta "the Filipino sickness." The cost is staggering. She said that some people are trying

to get public opinion turned against the custom, so they looked into the cost to this one *barrio*. They figured that the poor people of Cainta will spend about twenty-one thousand pesos ($10,500) for three days of eating and merrymaking. Mrs. Oro said the people of Cainta are all poor and that they have no business trying to do this. They will have famine the year round for this brief feasting time. Of course, this festival is so tied up with the Catholic church that there is more than public opinion and pocketbooks to deal with.

Bands play in the streets, and candlelit processions carry the statue of San Andres through the *barrio*. Special offerings are paid into the church treasury. Carnival entertainers are hired. They may as well eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow they will starve again!

Of course, we were invited to the fiesta to eat. There were ten of us at table, which was loaded with dishes of more variety than we could count. And there were more to come from the kitchen. Ordinarily Filipino fare is simple and monotonous—rice three times a day, a little vegetable broth to go over it, perhaps a bit of fish or a few small dices of meat, and a banana—but at fiesta time the variety and the abundance are staggering.

Dwight was placed at one end of the table, Pastor Laysico at the other, and the rest of us on two benches at either side. Grace was said. Then all the Filipinos picked up their napkins and began polishing their plates and their silver. This looks a bit impolite to American eyes, but it is the custom, and we were instructed to do it too. It is a necessary part of the ritual.

After dinner we again went to the *sala*. We visited and looked at their little box of prized photos. Meanwhile, Mrs. Oro fed one of the fiesta bands. Still a third group was sitting on the porch waiting for their turn at table.

On top of everything this is Bonifacio Day, a national holiday, and we helped celebrate by going to Loreto church where we shared with several visiting choirs and speakers in a religious observance of the day planned and conducted by the Loreto women. Bonifacio was the father of the Philippine Revolution which eventuated in freedom from Spain.

Weather

December 4. When Dwight came in from the seminary a few minutes ago he said, "I'm dripping with beads of perspiration. The humidity must be about 102." I told him, "No, the paper says that it is just 100." The air is oppressive. Dwight went on to say that some of his students were asking him to tell them how autumn was different from winter and what the difference between spring and summer is in the States. He said that when he tried to answer those questions, he wished he had brought some colored slides showing the changing seasons. They also wanted to know about snow and if people had to stay indoors when it snowed. They were relieved when he told them that people did not necessarily stay indoors when it snowed but that they went about their business wherever it took them. He told

them that the children love the snow for then they can go skiing, and sledding. When he told about the leaves turning and shedding in the autumn, they said, "Isn't that sad?" The trees are green here the year around. There are only two seasons, the wet and the dry; these vary in different parts of the Islands according to the air currents and the mountains, I suppose. Here in Manila the rainy season extends from late May or early June until October; then the rainfall is about 100 inches. As the months wear on into February and March everything becomes exceedingly dry, brown, and dusty. By April and May the heat is scorching. December and January are the "cool season," by which is meant "not so hot as the rest of the year." At night bedclothes may even be required in this season, and in the early morning a light jacket or sweater may feel comfortable for two or three hours following sunrise. The cool season would still make a good hot summer in the States.

December 5. It is seven-thirty in the morning and Dwight is rehearsing a cast of seminary students for a radio play to be broadcast over Station DZAS in Family Week. The students are Dick Solis, Basilia Baltazar, Josefina Padonlina, Angelina Cruz, and Cirilio Rigos. They are gifted young people with a very pronounced dramatic instinct. It was interesting to hear them decide how Māma and Papa should be pronounced for the program. One student was a Visayan. "This is the way we say them. How do you say them in Tagalog?" Finally they compromised by using the Spanish MaMA and PaPA. We are constantly being reminded by little

incidents like this that our students come from different islands and that they have different backgrounds including different languages. Some of them come straight out of animistic primitivism in the remote mountains. From witchcraft to philosophy in one generation!

Magandá!

December 12. This is the day toward which the ladies have been working for weeks, for this afternoon our thirty-one pastors will be presented with their Christmas packages in a mass rally at Paco Church. The house was boiling with activity as people came and went all morning. A little after 2 P.M. Lydia Garcia arrived with a beautiful, smoky-blue *terno* with embroidered flowers of various colors and huge angel sleeves. It was the women's Christmas present to me. Lydia helped me put it on. Nené was the first to see me in it; she clapped her hands and said, "*Magandá*" (beautiful). Benito then saw me and his eyes sparkled as he too said, "*Magandá.*" We left for the church, stopping at the gate long enough for Benito to snap a picture of Lydia, Dwight, and me; Dwight was wearing his barong Tagalog. As we stood waiting to get in the car, the neighbor's houseboy also said, "*Magandá!*" When I got to the church, each one of the folks there came up to me, their eyes sparkling and their faces beaming, as they uttered "*Magandá!*" They said, "Now you are a real Filipina." I was touched by their words and the evident pleasure of their actions.

According to the women, the service was a great success. They were happy. The meeting lasted only a little over two hours, but since we went on time, we were at the church over three hours. The ministers were given their Christmas gifts. Everyone seemed to be in a good Christmas spirit. Since the pastors receive pitifully small wages—as little as thirty pesos per month—these packages are a real help to them. Each bundle contained some clothing, soap, a religious picture, and other items including a few pesos in currency.

Nené came home with us. Since she doesn't speak English, I was unable to question her; but I had not expected her to return to Wright Street, for this was her day off. It was not until later that I realized that she had returned just to help me out of my dress. Then she changed her own dress and jeepneyed home to Makati.

These people, living on the edge of poverty, love pretty things, and they seem to delight in them even more when they give them to those they love. Above all, they like to see their missionaries dressed according to their own native custom. They seem to be enriched not by what they have but by what they give away. *Magandá!* It's beautiful!

Back Pay

December 13. Dwight preached this morning at Paco and then again at Cosmopolitan Student Church. The

latter is well named, as most of the congregation are college students. It is always thrilling to face such a group; their faces are so expectant.

After a busy day, we arrived home just at sunset to find two guests waiting to see us. They were Mr. and Mrs. Artemeo Tobias, young members of our Makati church. They have named their two small children after Daisy and Allen Huber. We talked with this couple only a few minutes until we realized what a force the Hubers had been in their lives. Artemeo is a lawyer who serves as secretary to Congressman Lagumby. During the Japanese occupation he had been a guerrilla in the underground army. He said that, unlike some, he had never received his back pay from the U. S. government. "My wife and my religion are my back pay," he said. (He pronounced it *bok pay*.) His guerrilla fighting was a part of the liberation of Laguna, a province to the southeast of Manila. At the same time he courted his wife, a daughter of Pastor Pedro Banda, walking sixteen kilometers through Japanese-held territory under cover of night to see her. The Bandas are strong Protestants. Alegria said that she would not try to convert Artemeo, but that she could never give up her religion. Artemeo at the time had been wearing a crucifix, but he had done little thinking about religion. He got a New Testament. He says now he always carries this New Testament; you can tell that it has been used. It even has some of his own blood upon it. After a lot of thinking and reading he said, "If there is only one God, why do I kiss the saints?" He gave his crucifix to an Italian

Catholic who fought at his side. He was baptized in a muddy carabao wallow, other waters being forbidden because they were in the hands of the Japanese. Afterward he had to take a bath. When they were just nineteen, he and Alegria were married. They are a radiant couple. "My wife and my religion are my back pay!"

They went on to tell us about Alegria's oldest brother, who was also a guerrilla. He was captured by the Japanese, tortured, beaten, driven through the streets and made to dig his own grave. The Banda family was deeply grieved. Filipino friends of the family offered to avenge the death of this boy. The father refused. "No, let us pray. I have been a pastor all my life and I have not preached revenge." But Pastor Banda was deeply troubled. When he was out fishing to supplement the family income, he saw his dead son's face mirrored in the waters of the China Sea. The face haunted him. He became desperately ill. A few days later he died.

Amor, whom I have already discussed, is another son. There are two other boys and another sister. The Bandas are church leaders, bright and contagious in their religion. Amor has talked with us at great length about his own calling. He says that he truly wants to be a pastor, like his father, but that he thinks about him and then he wonders. Pedro Banda, Senior, received 85 pesos a month as minister; to keep his family alive he had to work also as a fisherman and as a schoolteacher. "I ask myself whether I have my father's sacrificial spirit, and I can't honestly answer that I do," he says.

December 15. Mrs. Cariño and Mrs. Sararana arrived early this morning to take me Christmas shopping, Filipina fashion. We went to get a dress for Nené and a barong for Benito. I also planned to get a shirt for Pastor Laysico. He had jumped up to answer a question for Dwight at Paco last Saturday and had caught his shirt on a nail; it was made of cotton. Like most of our pastors he could not afford fine piña material. In my pricing of barongs by phone I found them to cost from 35 to 80 pesos each.

We jeepneyed to Quiapo. The ladies kept saying "*sumama*" to me as we walked through the crowd and across the busy streets. I finally learned that they were saying, "Come on." Picture row on row of cubbyholes about the size of a kitchen and you will get an idea of the size of each shop. The front of each shop is open to the street without partition or showcase of any kind. The materials line the walls on the three sides. There are no counters. Bolts of cloth standing on end occupy the middle of the room. We did pass shops that look very much like those in the States, but the ladies trudged on with a shrug, "They are for rich folks." Finally we came to a shop that had dresses put up in packages; all the pieces were there, but they had to be sewed. We finally found one that satisfied the ladies and that they thought Nené would like. Next came the bargaining. It was done in Tagalog and so quietly that I hardly realized it was happening. They saved me seven pesos.

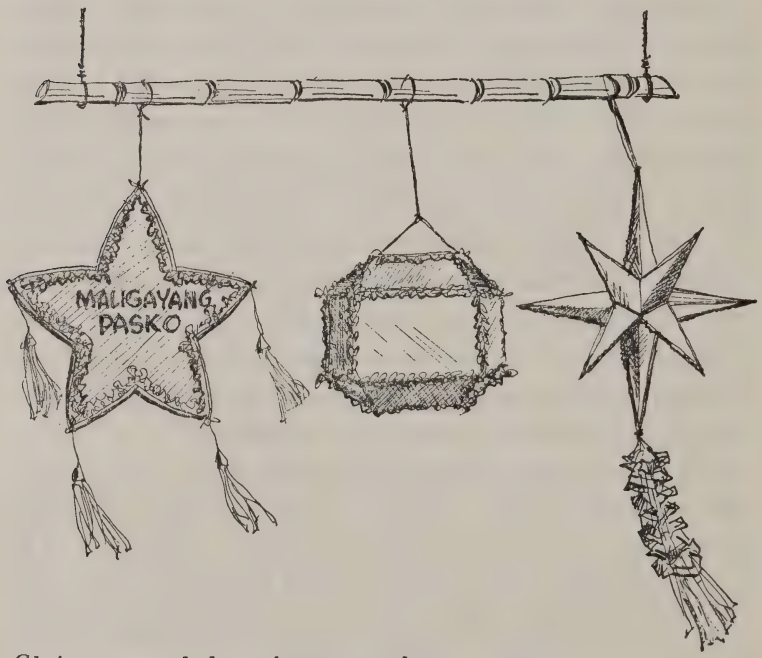
Then we went shopping for a barong. The ladies decided we might do better to get barong material and let Pastor Laysico's mother sew them. We finally found a store where they were satisfied with what was offered. The barongs were partly finished, and cost 18 pesos each. The bargaining did not satisfy the ladies and they took me by the arm as we started to walk out. The clerk called us back. While we were turning around, Mrs. Cariño told me that she had offered the clerk nine pesos and he wanted eleven for each garment. We got our two purchases for 18 pesos. That means that Pastor Laysico and Benito will get nice barongs for Christmas.

Many of the stores we passed on the wing looked distinctly American. As we looked in some of the windows, I thought I was at home in Lexington. What do you know! There were Santas all dressed up for the North Pole; there were sleighs and there was imitation snow. We saw no live Santas. The climate is a bit hot for that. I'm having a hard time believing that Christmas is just around the corner when I am perspiring and wearing summer clothes. But don't let this mislead you. The Filipinos have the Christmas spirit. Everywhere Christmas decorations are beginning to appear, and the carolers are on the streets every evening.

We were taken by surprise just before dinner when Pastor Laysico appeared at our gate bearing two huge *parols*, Christmas lanterns, for hanging on the eaves. He had heard about the barong and felt that he must do something for us. We accepted one of them but insisted that he keep the other for the Makati church. A street

full of houses at night with illuminated *parols* hanging from the eaves is a brilliant festival sight. We have added the Tagalog Christmas greeting to our vocabulary: "*Maligayang Pasko.*"

December 17. At suppertime we went to the boys' dormitory of Union Seminary to have a Christmas banquet with the students. We had soup, rice (and more rice), *lêchon* (chopped-up barbecued pork), and a raw vegetable salad. I was about ready to eat the raw vegetable salad when President Sanders mentioned that his wife had had a flare-up of dysentery recently. That killed my interest in the salad. For an extra special



Christmas parols hang from every home

treat we had homemade ice cream. At the end of a program of singing, folk dances, and skits, we were served peanuts, boiled *camotes* (sweet potatoes), and *macapuno* sweetened navy beans, considered a delicacy.

We never cease to be fascinated by the folk dances. Each part of the Islands has some distinctive ones of its own. Since our students come from the whole Philippines, we were treated to a variety of them. Here there is no distinction between entertained and entertainers; everyone enters in. One interesting event was the singing of a Christmas song in each of the other dialects represented. There were those who sang in Ilocano, Pangasinan, Bicol, Tagalog, Visayan, and various other dialects. There were two boys from Apayao. They said they were not singers but they put on one of the dances of their people. One boy, lacking his drum, beat time on a chair while the other did the dance. In some ways it reminded me of our Indian American dances. It was hard for us to realize that these two boys had only recently come from these primitive mountain people.

December 19. Christmas is a super-fiesta one month long. Little impromptu bands and orchestras stop at the gate to serenade and lift a contribution. Every little beggar waif is out on the streets and at the gate screeching carols. Quite often the dignity of the carols and the spirit of the season slip into the shadow, and the gift becomes a bribe to buy back some peace and quiet. Sometimes the singing is truly beautiful; then again it is a torment—intended so to be—and "Merry Christmas" is spoken in a tone of voice which means "You old skin-

flint! Come out here and give us something!" For about a week they have been coming. There have been hundreds of them.

It is amusing to hear the little tykes sing "Jingle Bells." "What do they know about jingle bells and one-horse open sleighs?" Dwight asked. "But, come to think of it, what do our children at home know about them?" "Whispering Hope" has caught on over here and has somehow been transformed into a carol. "Joy to the World" and "Silent Night" are two favorites. And, of course, there is always "White Christmas."

December 24. I have lost all count of individual and group carolers who have sung at our gate the past ten days. No Christmas in the States is like this! Added to the carolers have come the long procession of all the people who can lay any claim to having served us or the Owens during the past year—street sweepers, garbage collectors, postmen, policemen, and newsboys. These do not always come singly; sometimes they come in droves. They do not expect centavos but pesos or other substantial gifts. They come for their annual bonus.

When we learned that the policeman on our corner draws a monthly salary of fifty-five pesos ($27.50), the idea made sense. He obviously needs more money than this to care for himself and his family. Other public servants receive like amounts from the municipal government. It is not hard to see where the entering wedge of corruption could be introduced into city government. We are somewhat overwhelmed to discover suddenly at

Christmas time that we have been protected all year by a score of policemen.

By actual count, we gave donations to eighteen garbage collectors, though Benito assured us that no more than nine could possibly have served us, counting both day and night shifts. Since our garbage is taken at night by men we hear, but never see, it is impossible to distinguish the deserving from the pretenders. This sort of thing becomes an annoyance, coloring the season more than it should; but it roots in poverty. No amount of straight Christmas charity will cure it.

Yesterday afternoon two Navy boys whose ship is anchored in Manila Bay dropped in to see us. One was

There's a story to tell to the nations

from Texas, the other from Colorado. They were members of the Christian Church at home and they were interested enough to try to find out about our work here. While I served them refreshments in the *sala,* I talked to them about our mission. They stayed most of the afternoon, promising to accompany us to Makati Christmas Eve.

This afternoon I gave a tea at our Wright Street residence in honor of Mareta Smoot, missionary executive from the States who is visiting us. We had a hundred or more guests, including the Makati young people who came and sang. Mareta has quite a way with young people.

By prearrangement, we picked up our Navy boys at Union Church at the end of the American Christmas service at eight o'clock and headed for the Makati Church. Miss Smoot accompanied us. We drove through the swarming, *parol*-lined streets, tilting for advantage and avoiding collisions. The boys burst out in unbelieving laughter at Manila driving. Just before we arrived at Makati one of them asked, "Will we offend the Makati people in any way by barging in like this?" "Far from it," I assured them, "the people will be delighted that you have come. They will love you for coming."

When we arrived at Makati, we found the church full and overflowing. The pews were full and people were standing everywhere, in the aisles, in the doorways and at every window. But they made way for us. Mrs. Cariño took charge of us and herded us down to the two

front pews and shooed the children out to make room for us. We regretted the inconvenience to the children, but this had happened to us so many times that we knew better than to protest. Our three sailors were impressed.

About an hour of the program was over when we arrived, but songs and recitations continued until we lost count. Pastor Laysico said that when the speeches were given out in November, seventy youngsters had come to get parts. He gave out everything he had, both in Tagalog and in English. You don't have to coax these children to speak; they are eager. After we got there, it seemed that most of the seventy recitations were spoken, and then there were two dramas. One was a skit depicting life in a modern Filipino Christian home. The other was the Nativity from the Life of Christ, in full Palestinian costume. The program was over four hours long. The children are real orators. They put themselves into their parts. This took the eyes of the sailors, for they couldn't help remembering the youngsters at home who bite their fingernails, squirm and hesitate when they are called upon to speak. Not these children!

After the program Santa in the person of Artemeo Tobias appeared, all dressed up as from the cold, cold North Pole. He had said, "You will see me but you will not know me." He distributed bags of native fruits to the children. He didn't forget the missionaries and the three sailors. We left the Makati church about midnight and took our three sailors back to Manila Bay so

they could launch to their ship, the S.S. "Helena." I am sure these boys had a Christmas Eve they will never forget. And, for that matter, so did we.

Maligayang Pasko

December 25. Nené, Benito, Miss Smoot, Dwight, and I had our own little Christmas. Nené had made a big effort to show her gratitude by learning the Christmas greeting in English. It was such a delight to hear her say, "Merry Christmas-po."

Pastor de Castro joined us for breakfast and then acted as our guide while we delivered a number of Christmas packages we had planned. We included several of our Manila pastors. We found what looked like all of Manila in the streets, dressed up in their finest, and striding purposefully along though it was early morning. We learned that this was the day when the children visit their *ninongs* (godfathers), their uncles, and their friends and receive gifts of food and money. At Pastor Laysico's we ourselves were favored by the visits of several children who came up the steps without announcement, entered the house, took our right hand, bowed and kissed it, and then as quietly went on their way. Pastor Laysico explained that he had received about one hundred and fifty such visitors so far this morning, and it was not yet nine o'clock.

I have forgotten to mention the firecrackers. Throughout the season, in rising crescendo, the sound of firecrackers is heard and the sky is punctured with the blazing

light of skyrockets and aerial bombs. No American Fourth of July was ever noisier.

Catholic families add certain elements to the celebration besides those I have mentioned. There is the four o'clock morning mass from December 16 to 24, plus a midnight mass. There is also a *noche buena* (midnight dinner) in many homes. Where there are Christmas trees, they are directly traceable to American influence. The more usual practice is a *belen* (crèche) depicting the Nativity scene, mounted on a sand table.

At noon we joined many other American guests to have a full-scale American Christmas dinner at the Fongers' which even included an American turkey. Then we went to Gastambide church for a meeting of the young people of Manila district. Miss Smoot installed the new officers for the coming year.

Vigan, Ilocos Sur

December 27. We have had plenty to do the past few days, but the big thing on our minds is tomorrow's trip to the north. We will go to Vigan, Ilocos Sur, 260 miles north of Manila to participate in the Northern Luzon Young People's Conference. Meantime, we went with Pastor Malones to his Marakina church and to Bethel to the first half of the spiritual retreat.

Marakina is a prosperous barrio of nipa huts about twenty miles east of Manila. Nearly every house has a home shoeshop, for the people of this *barrio* are shoemakers. The chapel is fairly new and quite attractive, the congregation earnest and friendly. Dwight preached

the sermon and Pastor Malones interpreted for the benefit of the minority who did not understand English. We suspect that even those who do understand English like to have the thoughts restated in their own tongue. After the service as the people greeted us, they tried to get us to add "Happy New Year" to our "Merry Christmas." The phrase seemed a little big for our mouths: *"Maligayang pasko at masaganang bagong taon."* We had to be prompted several times, and when we got it right the people beamed.

The retreat at Bethel, five miles out, was set up like an adult and young adults' conference. There is a conference grounds here and the people stay through for meals and lodging until the meeting is over. It was at this conference that we were able to sample the more usual Filipino fare, as contrasted with the fiesta and birthday feasting we had shared in up to this point. The food was simplicity itself—rice, fish, leafy-green vegetable broth to pour over the rice, and bananas. The rice was served on huge traylike platters and taken off in mounds onto individual plates. Filipinos do not eat with chopsticks, but with a fork and a large spoon, using the fork to scoop food into the spoon, by which it is conveyed to the mouth. A knife is not used.

Except that the sessions were conducted largely in Tagalog, the meet was almost identical to an American conference, the most prominent feature being classes and discussion groups. Such meetings have a value that cannot be measured, for they give much-needed training to the leaders of young churches.

Doctor Arzaga was there. He advised us on anti-malaria precautions for our northern trip. He said that it was not safe to go more than twenty miles out of Manila without taking precautions. Manila has mosquitoes but they are not malaria-bearing. We mean to be prepared.

December 28. I am sitting on a cot in the Reynolds' house at Vigan. We left Manila about nine this morning and arrived here a little after six this evening. Nené stayed to take charge of things. Benito came with us. Carlito Ascarraga, president of the Christian Youth Fellowship for the Tagalog Area, came along as fraternal delegate to the Northern Luzon Youth Conference. And Mareta Smoot, on a reportorial assignment to get materials for her missionary education writings, was also a passenger.

Even though the road was good, our progress was less rapid than it would have been on an American highway. The reason lies in the fact that the road is not only for automobile traffic, but also for carabao sleds, for oxcarts, for pony-drawn *kalesa*, for pigs. It is a playground for children, a smooth surface where friends may sit and visit, and a floor for drying newly threshed rice. Driving is a zigzag operation through a constantly changing obstacle course. Careening provincial buses and crowded jeepneys add zest to the adventure.

As we passed through Pampanga, we seemed to drive for half a day under the influence of Mount Arayat. It is located about twelve miles from Clark Air Force Base, and it commands the Pampanga landscape. But we were

aware of it for another reason: this is the chief hideout of the Huk forces. As we drove along through the canebrakes, we passed many contingents of the Philippine Army in roadside machine-gun nests, in transports, or in camp, reminding us of the open state of revolution still existing in the nation. Many of the *barrios* through which we were passing had been raided recently by the Huks, and Tarlac, the chief city of the region, was Huk Supreme Commander Luis Taruc's home town. We did not tarry in this region.

The sights we saw this day are impossible to forget and difficult to describe. Carabaos were everywhere, hundreds of them—immersed to their noses in the irrigation ditches by the roadside, pulling sleds down the road or in the fields, just loafing, or grazing. We saw children perched on their backs guiding them in their labor, and here and there a child fast asleep on the back of one. Once we saw a heron perched on the back of a carabao; we understand that mud that sticks to them after they emerge from their muddy wallows contains snails or other edibles especially attractive to birds.

We drove past many hectares of sugar cane, especially in the neighborhood of Tarlac. We drove down shady avenues of tall coconut palms, and past miles of rice paddies. It was harvest time. Hundreds of Filipino men, women and children were in the fields gathering the grain. In some sections they were walking through the paddies collecting the choice heads by hand. In others harvesters were at work with sickles. Others were

binding sheaves or gleaning. Threshing is done in different ways. Sometimes carabaos are driven around and around the grain. Sometimes men on tall bamboo platforms tramp it under foot. Winnowing depends on gravity and the wind. It is clear that most of these farmers were taking their grain home for threshing. This they did in oxcarts, on carabao sleds, and on their backs. Some of the women were wearing the choicest sheaves as hats as they carried them home. So placed, the sheaf looked like a hat made of golden fringe.

After winnowing, the rice is dried in the sun, and then polished in a large wooden mortar, two men or women working together in rhythm as they tamp the grain with long wooden poles.

Winnowing rice

A ripe rice field ready for harvest closely resembles a wheat field in appearance, but the methods of planting and harvesting carry one back into the biblical world, for they look to be as old as man.

Vigan escaped all but a light bombing during the war, so most of the city stands much as it did under the Spaniards. As we drove down the streets looking for the missionary compound, we felt that we had been carried back three hundred years. There was only an occasional jeepney or other motor vehicle to break the spell. For the rest there were ox or carabao carts or pony-drawn *kalesa*.

As soon as we got to the compound, the missionaries began to run down to meet us—for the house, church, and school are on a hill overlooking the street. They were the Reynolds, Dorothy Martin, and Ruth and Len Brummett. We washed up, had dinner, and went to evening vespers. More than a hundred eager young people have gathered here for a typical young people's conference. It is not hard to tell that it has been transplanted from the States. But the young people have made it all their own. We were on the faculty of this conference and took our place in its activities, but these are so similar to ours in the States that I shall write more about a few marginal activities.

December 31. Every bit of water for bathing and washing in the Reynolds' bathroom has to be carried up two flights of stairs at three o'clock every morning. It is there stored in a one-hundred-gallon drum. Since

there are twelve of us now using this bathroom, the demand for water is increased. Hubert supervises the Community Center until after midnight and drops into bed exhausted. It is Harriet's task to get up at three o'clock to carry the water. "Why three o'clock?" Miss Smoot asked, "Why wouldn't four or five o'clock be just as good?" Harriet answered, "No, three o'clock is when there is water." The water lines of the city are so inadequate that they will pipe water to the hill only when no one else in the city is drawing upon them.

As I write, Dwight is helping the Reynolds' nine-year-old son carry up more water from another drum at the foot of the stairs. Fortunately, this has been a wet season so that there is some water in the hydrant. Harriet said she was thankful for this for she has had company in the dry season when they just couldn't get water. Harriet is a true missionary. We haven't seen any more devoted to their people than Harriet and Hubert. Harriet says she likes comforts and appreciates them as much as anyone but she was raised on a Colorado farm where they had no inside baths, no electricity, and where they carried water, so she feels it is not the hardship for her that it might be for some who had been raised to expect modern conveniences as part of their lives. All the drinking water used here has to be boiled or treated with halazon. Outside of Manila this is usual.

This morning we found a break in the conference to do a little sightseeing. Ruth, Len, and Barry Brummett, Jane and Douglas Reynolds, Miss Smoot and the two of us formed the party. On the edge of Vigan we visited

a pottery. A carabao had tramped the clay to the right consistency, and then it had been piled up to be used as needed. We watched while huge bowls, water jugs, and wine jars were being formed by hand on a wheel which was spun by the feet. Beyond the crude potter's wheel there was no mechanization of any kind. The kiln is a tunnel-like oven. Some of the jars fired here hold as much as five gallons. Later we saw women balancing vessels just like these on their heads.

Next we went to a little *barrio* where all the people are weavers. We visited several huts and saw the people at work on their homemade looms, moving the shuttle back and forth by hand and tightening the fabric with their feet in the most ancient manner. The resultant fabric was exquisitely beautiful. Here is craftsmanship of the highest order.

We were glad we had taken the Reynolds' children. Douglas in particular has formed some fast friendships with Filipino children and his English is Filipino English. Harriet and Hubert said that he is now correcting their pronunciation, trying to bring them into conformity. They are unable to convince him, for the majority practice here is on the side of Douglas.

We have met the moderator of the church in this area, Pastor Pablo Bringas, and also Pastor Reuben Batoon. They are men who might have walked straight out of the Book of Acts.

Last evening Carlito Azcarraga was our vesper speaker. We were proud of him. He spoke in English. We have

noticed that the Ilocano young people seem to prefer English; they think it should be the national language instead of Tagalog.

After vespers we went to the dining hall for the missionary banquet. Dorothy Martin was the speaker for this occasion. A quartet sang several numbers including some indigenous hymns set to Philippine mountain music. Some of the missionaries are encouraging the Filipinos to develop their own hymnody. Later as we sat in the church for the evening concert by the conference choir, the church was stoned. From the many broken shells in the windows, we infer that this was not an unusual occurrence in this strong Catholic community.

Harriet and Hubert Reynolds were missionaries to China until the Communists expelled them in 1950. Then they came to the Philippines as many other China missionaries have done. They continue their interest in the Chinese, many of whom live in this community. Hubert was telling us about the cultural struggles of one of these Chinese families. The discussion about language will illustrate the problem: "What languages do your children study in school?" Hubert asked the father.

"English and Ilocano," the father answered.

"Any foreign language?"

"Only Tagalog."

"And what languages do you teach them at home?"

"We are from Amoy, so we teach them Amoy. We also want them to have the universal Chinese script, so we teach them Mandarin."

"That is five tongues—English, Ilocano, Tagalog, Amoy, and Mandarin."

"Yes, I'm afraid we are making our children illiterate in five languages."

Bangued, Abra

January 1. The conference ended last night. This morning everyone is exhausted. There is a letdown. The Brummetts plan to leave early for Bangued. Miss Smoot, Carlito, Benito, Dwight, and I will follow them in the station wagon. Ruth is worried because she hates to take us home to a dusty house. We appreciate how she feels about taking five guests home with her after she has been away for a week, but she wants us to come. Bangued gets few visitors and we have had this trip on the agenda for many weeks. All of us were particularly anxious to get to Bangued. There is no water shortage there. Ruth promised us a bath!

To give Ruth some extra time, we dawdled along the way taking pictures. One interesting spot at which we stopped was a tiny fishing village along the shore of the China Sea. The whole village flocked out to greet us and to pose for our cameras. Several of the children became busy gathering up sea shells to give us. Everybody looked at us with great curiosity and friendliness. "You American?" someone asked. They were filled with good will toward Americans. Afterward Carlito grieved because none of us spoke Ilocano. "What an opportunity

to preach the gospel!" he exclaimed. Yes, it was in just such settings that the first missionaries to the Philippines began their work.

When we arrived at the Brummetts', Ruth, with the help of her two Tinguian girls, had the house spic and span. Their house had suffered bombing but was rehabilitated. Len had done most of the work. He had taken almost nothing except packing cases, and made the furniture for a most charming cottage home. Len and Ruth have the spark of interior decorators. They have made excellent use of native materials. For example, a native hat makes a fetching lamp shade.

Early this afternoon we took a tour of Bangued. I have to say that Bangued presents a depressing sight. It is almost a ghost town. During the war American bombers practically obliterated what was once a beautiful city. There is just enough left of homes, walls, and foundations to show us what lovely Spanish architecture must have been here. The rebuilding that has been done is a mere patching up of ruins, broken concrete walls surmounted with wood, nipa, bamboo. We saw some folks living in ruins where they were covered from the weather by nothing but a piece of canvas. People live here, but they seem to be superimposed upon a ghost town that dramatically speaks a warning to us.

Len told us that all this destruction was the result of misinformation. American Intelligence had reported Bangued as a Japanese stronghold, though the truth was that there were only two Japanese soldiers there, and they were wounded and in the hospital. Len said that

he was amazed at the lack of resentment over the bombing. The Americans made a mistake, but they were engaged in the liberation of the Philippines from the Japanese. The people understood it and they even stood cheering as their homes were reduced to rubble. They had known misfortunes worse than the loss of possessions.

The United Church of Christ has three institutions in this city: A girls' dormitory, Bangued Christian Hospital, and the local church. The roof had been bombed off the church but the walls were left standing, so the building had been patched up for services with a crude galva roof. The girls' dormitory is one huge room built of bamboo and furnished with cots. There is a small shack at the rear which serves as a common kitchen where each girl does her own cooking. Several small clay stoves (a stove is an oval bowl just big enough to hold a few sticks of kindling and one rice pot for each girl) are lined up on a long table. That is the sum total of kitchen equipment. The room has no chimney. The smoke gets out the best way it can. The bath is a single spigot surrounded by bamboo screens. There are no toilets of any kind, inside or outside. The hospital is much the same, except that an army surplus quonset hut and a small wooden building provide a good deal more comfort and much more sanitation.

I should explain that the girls' dormitory is for students from outside Bangued who come in to go to the high school at Bangued which is the capital of Abra Province. The church provides a dormitory. Mrs.

Bringas, wife of Pastor Bringas, is their dean. Crude as it is, this dormitory home is not too unlike the homes from which the girls come.

This work at Bangued is only a small section of Len's work. He is the evangelist for most of Abra Province, and the director of Abra Mountain High School, a ten-hour trip up a trail from the capital. Since this is a mountain province with almost no roads, Len has a rough time getting from place to place. He often has to abandon his jeep and go on foot. Sometimes he travels by horse.

January 3. We got back to Manila yesterday evening. George Earle is here; having finished up the Bethel conference, he is preparing to return to Baguio this morning. He took time at breakfast to tell us the high lights of the inauguration of Magsaysay which was held while we were away. All the delegates to the Bethel

Moro vinta

conference had come back into the city for this big day in the history of the Islands. George Earle had a seat in the press box because he is the Philippine correspondent for the *Christian Century*. He said that Magsaysay (pronounced Mog sī sī) had a hard time getting to the platform because his admirers crowded in so. The president was sworn in wearing the native barong Tagalog. Mrs. Magsaysay wore a lovely *terno* made of the beautiful piña fiber, a gift from the ladies of Bataan. After the ceremonies, in spite of the efforts of his secret service guards, the new president was carried away on the shoulders of the people like a football hero.

A cartoon in the *Manila Bulletin* amused me as I began catching up on the back numbers. It shows a Filipino, bag and baggage, asking the way to Malacañan Palace. The caption reads, "Magsaysay said after the inauguration the people would move in with him. . ." The people swarmed all over the palace after the inauguration, perhaps as many as 35,000 or 40,000 of them. As I see things here and read about what is happening, it reminds me of what I have read about our own country when Andrew Jackson went to the White House as the people's choice.

January 10. When the ladies of the executive committee were at the house yesterday, they got to talking about the coming two-month visit of Edith Noffsinger, at present supervisor of adult education in Hawaii. From 1924 to 1932 she was a missionary to the Philippines. The ladies were enthusiastic about her coming, for most of them had been in their teens when she was here, and

they were very excited about seeing her again. They decided to present her with a *terno*. To raise the money they would have to visit some churches. For their first solicitation they chose Noveleta and Caridad in the Province of Cavite, just to the south of Manila. They planned a trip for today and asked me to go along. I wasn't too anxious to spend the day hopping buses and going from church to church by jeepney, so I roped Dwight into the adventure. He was not committed for the day. He had been planning to visit Quezon City or Cavite on this very Sunday in any event. This clinched the matter.

We appreciated having the ladies along, for we didn't know where to locate the churches. We had been advised to stay close to Manila until after the election and inauguration, and then always to carry a Filipino with us. There had been trouble, some shootings and knifings, especially around Cavite. Mr. Malones, who had charge of Dwight's bookings, had been cautious, perhaps overly so.

When we arrived at Noveleta, we found everyone in the pews waiting for us. They jumped to their feet and came to welcome us. Before the service could begin, we had to shake hands with everyone. The service which followed was very dignified. This little church is most attractive and shows the signs of more prosperity among its members than is true in Manila. The church was decorated with artificial poinsettias. Since the poin-

settia is in bloom on the bushes outside, the flower still looks very much in place, even this long after Christmas.

After service one of the elders and his wife took all of us to their home for dinner. A number of women from the congregation went along so they could pitch in and help. I imagine about thirty people were served at this meal. There were nine of us at the first sitting at the huge oval dining table. Food seemed to appear as by magic. We suspect that some of the ladies contributed part of their own planned dinners for this special meal. But the hospitality itself was not unusual. It is the rule that no visitor ever enters a home without being served, that no one is turned away; however little may be in the family larder, it is shared. An unwritten motto is, "Feed me; feed my friends." It is all a little breathtaking.

We stayed in this home until about 2:30 and then began a series of house-to-house calls to raise the required money for the *terno*. The mission was successful. Next, with an added delegation from the Noveleta church crowded into the back of our station wagon where they squatted without seats, we headed for the Caridad church.

Earlier, when Mrs. Juliana Banda introduced us to the Noveleta congregation, she mentioned that she was a bit worried about bringing us to Cavite area because of all the recent violence. (Entering the Province we had passed an Army check point and a jeep with mounted machine gun, and we had noticed these signs.) Mrs. Banda continued by saying that she had prayed that we

would be able to make the trip in safety. Almost exactly at the same minute that she said this, firecrackers began to explode near the church; we couldn't tell for sure that they were firecrackers. Then a band began to play. Later we learned that the noise was part of the celebration for the dedication of a new church, an Independent Philippine Church (corresponding to the Anglican Church, a religious expression of Philippine nationalism). Bands and firecrackers are part of nearly every celebration here from fiestas to christenings and Christmas to dedications.

There is a lot of violence down here around Cavite. The ladies said the people who live here are very quick-tempered by nature. We kept to the main highways as we drove on to Cavite City. Mrs. José said, "These people are of quick blood. I can say this because I am from Cavite and I know." We thought of Harlan, Kentucky, and wondered why certain communities are habitually more violent than others. On the way here we passed the home of General Aguinaldo, leader of the rebellion against the Spaniards in the Revolution. This is where the violent overthrow of Spanish power had started. Aguinaldo is still living, a pensioner of the United States government.

We found a small, neat, attractive church at Caridad in Cavite City. We got there just as the Sunday church school classes were coming to a close. The little children all sang for us. The older young people were busy building a stage beside the church for an amateur show

to be held later in the week. The grounds thronged with happy people. After a pleasant visit, we returned to Manila without misadventure.

Baguio City

January 23. We have spent this past week at Baguio attending our annual Missionary Planning Retreat. Baguio is a mountain city about 150 miles north of Manila, which because of its high altitude offers the climate most like America to be found anywhere in the Philippines. Camp John Hay, a rest camp for American soldiers, is here. Nearly all the missionary boards have cottages which are used by the missionaries in rotation to escape the oppressive heat of the lowlands in the hottest season, a few days for each family. Our board has two such cottages, one a quonset hut, the other a cabin. We were to stay with Dorothy Martin in the quonset hut.

When we arrived on Monday, it was 7:30 in the evening, and cold. After the heat of Manila it is hard to believe that it can be as cool anywhere in the world. Night temperatures run in the fifties, or perhaps the upper forties. Dorothy had a fire roaring in the fireplace. Later when we went to bed, she even offered us hot water bottles to put under our piles of covers. In spite of all this the night air crept through to chill the bones. Our blood, thinned down for the consistently high temperatures of Manila, was no match for this kind of weather. When we got up in the morning, it was

still cold. Dorothy had her fire going. Benito came in, all bundled in a sweater and shivering, to prepare our breakfast. The Keyes came in from their lodgings across the street to eat with us. By noon the sun had gone to work and it was about like an American Indian summer day.

Those at the conference include the Keyes, the Brummetts, the Reynolds, the Owens, Dorothy Martin, Charles and Sue Malotte of the Union Church of Manila, and us. Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Tye are in the States this year, on furlough. (When they return, they are hoping to bring additional missionaries.) Each day business began with a devotional which Charles led. Each evening started with a vesper address given by Dwight. For the rest the days and evenings were filled with business, as the problems and plans of each station were discussed in detail.

I always thought there were plenty of frustrations for a preacher dealing with a church board, but these are as nothing compared to the frustrations faced by a missionary. The missionary has himself, his wife, his family, his church, his community, the United Church of the Philippines, the missionary society to deal with. Back of these are the link churches, and other churches supporting the program. All of these groups have to be taken into consideration when any decision is made. And all plans have to fit into a very limited budget. The task is colossal; the resources, including personnel, are small.

I learned that not one of our missionaries is doing what he thought he would be doing when he was sent

to the field. Lynn Keyes was sent out as an agriculturist. He is an evangelist supervising twenty-four pastors, all but two of whom were not even Christians before World War II. His time is so occupied with itinerating among these churches with their hundreds of new and uninstructed converts that he has little time for agriculture. Lillian is director of Apayao Christian Academy, and very often a teacher too. Lynn and Lillian also find themselves handling what should be done by a clinic or hospital. Len and Ruth came to be evangelists but find themselves doing several other things, including the directing of Abra Mountain High School. They find themselves fighting a discouraging battle with the prejudice of the Ilocanos against the Tinguians. Hubert was trained in seminary to do student work; now he and Harriet are in charge of a Community Youth Center. They are working against violent pressures and opposition from the Roman Catholic church. Harriet said, "You can see why missionaries are hard to get along with. Only that kind would stick." We did not find them hard to get along with, but we do agree that missionaries need a kind of holy stubbornness. Margaret and George Earle were sent out to teach in Union Theological Seminary but they find themselves also in the role of serving as administrative missionaries advising the churches of the whole Tagalog area. Dorothy, confronted with the whole program of religious education and student work for the Tagalog area, is looking for the handles of her immense new job. Hubert seemed to express the feeling of the whole group when he concluded his report by saying that

his work included "many a backache, headache, and upon occasion a stomachache, but I'm not bellyaching about it."

Thursday Dwight and I slipped away for about an hour and a half to see something of Baguio. We wanted to get a good look at the markets with their exquisite silver filigree and their distinctive wood carvings. We saw several men walking through the markets clad in a G-string and a Western coat. These are the natives of the area; for the most part they live in outlying *barrios*.

We enjoyed looking around the market at a multitude of objects produced by the deft hands of these primitive peoples. I bought some silver filigree earrings. It is

Planting rice is never fun

hard to believe that such delicate work can be done by hand and with the simplest of tools. Silver and gold are both mined near Baguio.

After we had looked around the market for a while, we got in the car and drove several kilometers downhill to a tiny village of wood carvers. There in the crudest of huts men were carving the finest of figures—carabao and human. These carvings have a style which is indigenous to the district; they have a native strength and character of their own. We arrived just as two men came swinging into the village with a roughed-out man-sized carving of a human male figure suspended from a long pole between them. The artist said he had carved it from a tree in a forest and that he and his companion had been carrying it for the past four hours to get it to their home village. Scenes like this could be duplicated many times in the Philippines, for manual skills among these people are widely distributed, as are the gifts of singing and dancing. In fact, a Westerner easily concludes that Filipinos are as at home in the arts as Americans are in the sciences. Whereas we fret to make things efficient, they will spare no pains to make them graceful and beautiful.

As we were returning from Baguio descending the steep zigzag road from this city a mile in the sky, I got to thinking about something I read recently concerning William Howard Taft's first trip to the place when he was U. S. Governor of the Philippines. This very big man went by horseback. When he arrived, he sent Teddy Roosevelt a cable telling him what a wonderful

place Baguio was and urging the establishing of the present Camp John Hay there. Roosevelt replied, saying that he was interested but added, "How is the horse?"

We brought away from Baguio the feeling that our missionaries are a marvelous group of people dedicated to their work, and that it requires the strength of a horse to do it.

A People Remembers

January 31. This afternoon, Edith Noffsinger is scheduled to arrive from Honolulu for a two months' visit to renew her memories of the missionary work she conducted here twenty-two years ago. This visit helped to open our eyes to the immense power of a missionary in the lives of these people. I wish I had space to tell her story. Failing that I can only refer you to the article which Dwight wrote for *World Call* under the title "A People Remembers" (June, 1954).

February 11. We have as house guest Ralph George, field secretary of the American Baptist Mission, who is in Manila on business. A most interesting person, he appears to be in his middle thirties, very young to be the top executive of thirty missionaries. The Baptist work, by comity agreement, is all on the Island of Panay. During the war the Japanese massacred all the Baptist missionaries then on the Island; there were eleven in all. The present Baptist missionaries are all young. The oldest one there is fifty.

At dinner, Mr. George told something about Panay. There is a significant advanced settlement at Iloilo where Philippine Christian University is conducted by the Baptists. The interior is mountainous and primitive. The mountain men still carry spears, which the law will not allow them to bring into the lowlands. They also carry very unusual bolo knives. In fact, nearly every Filipino carries a bolo knife, for it is the universal tool of all work, for harvesting, building, even for fighting. And the bolos of a given region are distinctive in design from those of other regions. The bolos of Panay have handles carved in the likeness of a warrior in full armor, visor and all. These point unmistakably to the early Spanish period. A man grips the bolo around the neck of this carved warrior. The nose is abnormally large and pointed, so that it can often down an enemy by the twist of the wrist. Frequently the handles are covered with silver, sometimes even with old Spanish coins. These bolos are rightly prized and very costly.

Mr. George told of a marriage dispute in the mountains which he helped to arbitrate. A girl was being sought as a bride by two suitors. One could have taken her as his first wife, the other as a second wife. The marriage price which the father asked was a bolo knife and a pig so tall that a man could not step over it. At one point in the proceedings, said Mr. George, the dispute got so hot that the wives slipped away from the meeting to go home and hide the bolo knives. Fortunately, their fears were not realized, and Mr. George was a successful arbitrator. What contrasting problems this missionary

executive has: arbitrating a mountain dispute on the one hand and supervising the administration of a modern university, on the other. At least there is little monotony.

February 17. The Huks are drowning out the news from Indo-China right now. We are too busy with the threats on our own doorstep to think too much of outside trouble, though it is very near in this Southeast Asian neighborhood. Huk Supreme Commander Taruc is pictured in the morning newspaper. Following an all-out military assault, Magsaysay has ordered a truce to give the Huks an opportunity to surrender peacefully. The army is standing by. Magsaysay has more faith than his army chief of staff in a peaceful solution to this Huk problem. Since Magsaysay has reduced the Huk forces from fifty thousand to four thousand, there is a good chance that he knows what he is talking about.

February 18. The front page of the *Manila Bulletin* is filled with the destructive forces at work in the Philippines—Communists, Huks, and rats. Rats are moving into the *barrios* of Cotabato, on Mindanao, and the people are abandoning the villages. The people of Cotabato waited too long, and now the rats are literally taking the place. Human life is not safe from them. Some of the rodents are reported to be as big as cats. There are an estimated two or three hundred rats to the hectare. They multiply so rapidly that in a year 100 rats will be one thousand. The matter has become a national emergency. A bill has just passed the new Congress providing money for an all-out war. Yesterday's paper suggested using the rats as food. To prove that this could be done, a

rat meal was prepared for some of the top directors of the land projects. One of our American FOA men was at this unique feast—poor man. The idea repels me, and I do not see the Filipinos jumping at it either. What we need is a modern Pied Piper in our Cotabato Hamlin towns.

Kabugao, Apayao

February 23. Without realizing that Lynn Keyes was on his way to Manila for supplies, we sent a telegram to Kabugao yesterday suggesting that we make our promised trip to Apayao at week's end, as it seems to fit best into our crowded Manila schedule. Semester examinations will be on at the seminary and one of Dwight's colleagues can administer his, thus making the opportunity.

Scarcely had we sent our telegram until we received one from Lynn from Vigan. He was arriving in Manila at 9:00 P.M. He came in exhausted from a trip having more delays and hardships than usual. The travel alone is sometimes enough to get these missionaries from the provinces down. The trip from Kabugao normally takes three days, the trip up four days. These are minimums. Lynn had been on the road much longer.

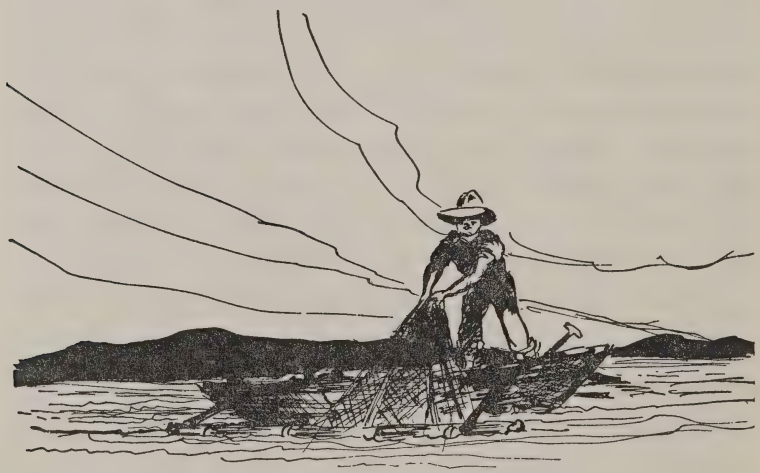
February 26. We will cut four days of traveling off our Kabugao trip by taking a plane of the Philippine Air Lines from Manila to Aparri and back. Lynn and Lillian ordinarily do not do this because they cannot

afford the air freight on their supplies, nor would their travel budget long sustain the higher cost of air passage. For us on our limited time it is air travel or no trip to Kabugao at all. We were up at 4:30 this morning and in the air at 6:30 in "El Economico," which is an ordinary two-motor DC-3 plane which has been stripped to the skeleton within and fitted out with forty bucket seats for maximum capacity at reduced fares. In a little less than three hours we put down on the Aparri airstrip beside the pounding surf of the northern arm of the China Sea. There we waited for Lynn to come in by return plane from Laoag; he had preceded us by two days by bus to Vigan and Laoag with his supplies, which he planned to send on around the head of the Island to meet us at the mouth of the Abulug River, which we would ascend to Kabugao. Since we were delayed at the airport through the rest of the morning, Dwight wandered about in the town of Aparri, a city of several thousand which is constructed almost entirely of nipa palm and bamboo. He also explored the beach adjoining the airstrip and was fortunate enough to come upon a full-rigged fishing schooner returning with its morning catch as the fishermen pulled the vessel up on the beach and spread their nets to dry on the sand. The fishermen and their wives posed and clowned for his camera in high good humor.

The amusing event of the morning occurred when we began to hear the drone of the plane from Laoag and looked out to discover the airstrip covered with grazing carabaos, about thirty of them, completely oblivious to their mechanical cousin in the sky. An airport attendant

dashed out and chased them off so the airplane could land. Thus we saw on that airstrip the contrast in transportation—the most ancient and the most modern—which is characteristic of many areas of Philippine life.

Just before Lynn flew in from Laoag, Catalino Cayaba, chief *bogadore* of our river *banca*, arrived to report that the boat was at Lucban Ferry, about forty kilometers away, ready for the up-river trip. We loaded our luggage into a *kalesa* and taxied into town where we stopped at the Go brothers' New Life Commercial store and the Aparri food market to buy additional supplies. The Chinese general store outdoes any general store I've ever seen in my life. It is stocked with things I haven't seen in years and with some things I've never seen, such as a charcoal-burning hand iron, heated from the inside,



Pulling in the catch of fish

for pressing clothes. Our purchases were largely confined to several *cavans* of rice for the Apayao Christian Academy.

Before we reached our banca, we had two rivers to ferry. The first was seven kilometers distant, the second thirty more. This seemed simple enough until we learned that Typhoon Cora which had recently wrought devastation here had wrecked one of the ferries and had undermined the river-bank approaches so that there were long lines of trucks and provincial buses which had to wait as much as six to eight hours for their crossing. A rickety provincial bus took us to the first stream, the Cagayan River, where we were lucky to get a large *banca* with outboard motor to carry us across. Deposited on the other side, we waited from three o'clock until 5:15 before a pickup truck came along to carry us the thirty-odd kilometers to the Abulug River.

Our pickup truck was an ordinary ton and a half Chevrolet whose rickety parts seemed to hold together by sympathetic attraction. Three backless wooden benches had been placed lengthwise in the bed of the truck; a ladder led to the banistered top. About eighteen of us with all our baggage, which included live chickens, pigs, and goats, climbed onto this "bus." Some rode on the top. The driver made off through dusty, pitted roads with reckless abandon and a high good heart. He drove with bare feet. When he needed to sound the horn, he joined two dangling bare wires together. There was a huge hole in the windshield, and the truck creaked and rattled in every joint. The punishment to my

anatomy was unspeakable. I am literally black and blue from this ride. The dust was terrific. It sifted into our clothing, our hair; we breathed it and gritted it between our teeth. When at last we arrived at Lucban Ferry, we were of the earth earthy, no kidding.

Our crossing here was much more expeditious. We arrived just at dusk to find our five additional *bogadores* waiting for us. The problem now was a night's lodging. This would have to be in a private home. Since the town was a village of nipa huts, this would mean staying in a nipa hut if we could find a family to take us in. Lynn had hoped we might stay with a Mr. Tamondong, for he had put up in this home many times in the past, but we found Mr. Tamondong's and nearly every other house full up, for it was market day on the morrow and the town was overflowing with guests.

Finally Mr. Tamondong located a lodging for us in the newly completed nipa hut of his stepmother. We were greeted by the stepmother, her grown son who was a carpenter, and a little boy who seemed to be her grandson. The house was dark except for the flickering light which came from two "kinkies," which were really two tiny Pet-milk cans filled with kerosene and fitted with a wick. The stepmother spoke no English but she nevertheless managed to make us welcome. Her carpenter-son did speak English and he engaged us in small talk for a while. Then he lifted down his guitar from the wall and played for us. Soon one of them rolled out the woven *buri* mat which nearly covered the bamboo-slatted

floor. And then the family vanished. The hut had been turned over to us; the occupants had gone to their relatives to sleep!

Soft Westerners that we were, we unpacked our air mattresses, our bedding, and our mosquito netting and made ready for the night. Dwight's air mattress leaked and long before morning he memorized the bamboo strips in the floor one by one with his ribs. Thus he learned what the Filipino feels habitually.

Before she left, the little old lady showed us the water jar on the porch at the back door and the tin washing basin. The idea was to fill the tin basin with water taken from the jar with a coconut shell. When we finished washing we tipped the basin and let the water run through the slats of the bamboo floor. The cutest little piglet was tied on the porch. For the toilet we had the whole yard, for there are neither inside toilets nor outside privies.

February 27. Sometime in the night the lady of the house slipped back into her kitchen where we found her at dawn, rolled up in a blanket and stretched out on the bamboo floor, her dog curled up beside her. Lynn said in all the trips he had made up and down the river this was the first time he had slept in a *sala* without the entire host-family. The usual practice is to put the guests in the center and dispose the members of the family about them. An ordinary *sala* could thus accommodate as many as fifteen or twenty sleepers without difficulty.

This is the picture which nearly every nipa hut in Lucban Ferry must have presented on this night before Market Day.

We departed shortly after dawn. Our hosts and several of the neighbors gathered to bid us good-by—perfect strangers whom they had taken in without a single question and to whom they had turned over their whole house. How can one express gratitude for hospitality like that?

Now the nine of us—Lynn, ourselves, and our six *bogadores*—were confronted with the task of loading the *banca,* tuning up the outboard motor, cooking breakfast, and getting under way. On Lynn's Coleman camp stove he prepared coffee and eggs. The boys had already eaten their inevitable rice, cooked in a single pot. Our *banca* is a long, narrow wooden boat thirty feet long and about as wide at the middle as an ordinary row boat. It is constructed of three long planks, one for the bottom and one for each side, plus a small, very narrow strip for the stern. A cargo of rice and other supplies was loaded into the middle and covered with nipa leaves; this cargo weighed perhaps fifteen hundred pounds.

The river we are to ascend is a twisting mountain stream with many rapids and dangerous subsurface boulders. We shall ascend several thousand feet in altitude in two days. Without the motor it would take us four.

When the *banca* was being loaded, we watched the graceful *bogadores* of Lucban as they sent their *bancas* skimming over the water to the rhythmic propulsion of their thrusting bamboo poles. These *bogadores* stood,

one in the stern and one in the bow, and thrust their poles against the bed of the stream, in time with a kind of silent music. On our days on the river we were to see many of these graceful exhibitions of skill and strength. But at the rapids there was nothing to do but pile out of the boat into the water and push up-current by brute strength alone. Now we began to see why we needed six *bogadores.*

The winding, rocky river banks harbored crocodiles; the heavy mountain jungle befriended tree-swinging monkeys. We made our way under a pouring sun through a trackless wilderness wonderland.

At noon we halted for a brief lunch. The boys finished the rice they had cooked in the morning, though by now it was, of course, cold. They made it a bit more tasty by pouring a sauce called *bagoong* over it. *Bagoong* smells foul to Western nostrils; it is made of fish and some other ingredients and prepared by long fermentation, much as we make sauerkraut. We ate a few rolls bought in Aparri, some canned beans, and some rice.

Night found us still on the river. We put in at a rocky beach strewn with large and small boulders. Above the beach was a small, flat stretch of sand which would accommodate us and our mosquito nets. For some strange reason which Lynn has never been able to fathom, the boys, like all their mountain friends, prefer the rocks. The boys used three of these rocks now as a stove to hold the cooking pot as they prepared more rice for supper. Lynn added water to some dehydrated applesauce for our good meal.

We washed up a bit in the river and hit the hay—the sand. But we needed no sandman this night. The thin mosquito net was all we had between us and the starry sky. Our last drowsy sight was of the Great Dipper; it poured out upon us the balm of a great peace.

February 28. Toward midmorning we got out of the *banca* to walk across a peninsula of land while the boys took the boat around the bend, and up through a particularly difficult series of rapids. We hiked up over a sandy hill, through a coconut grove and into a small, clean, Isneg *barrio* of neat bamboo huts set on stilts over hard-beaten, freshly swept earth. The men were away, but the women and children were at home. They posed for us in their native costumes, one going to her hut especially to don her "Sunday best" for the pictures. One little boy gave me a fresh coconut, refusing any payment. Here in the tiniest of jungle clearings, miles from civilization or from any road, lived a small community of not more than one hundred people making their life from the forest and the river.

Back at the river we found the boys waiting for us. We gave the coconut to Catalino, who opened it with a stroke of his bolo knife. We all shared a bit of the meat and drank the milk. This took the edge from our hunger and we planned not to eat again until we reached Kabugao.

Earlier this morning we picked up three hitchhikers, boosting our passenger list to twelve. They were two girls, one nursing a baby. The baby was tied to the mother by a sling. The girls waded to the boat and got

aboard; the baby didn't stop nursing. When we got back to the river after our visit to the barrio, we found that the girls had gone a bit apart from the *bogadores* and that they were eating a lunch of rice which they had brought wrapped in banana leaves. The boys were eating cold rice near by.

Long before we got to Kabugao, Lillian heard the outboard motor, so she was at the landing waiting for us with quite a delegation of Filipinos gathered to make us welcome. We climbed about four hundred steps to the hill-top town of Kabugao, laid out on a plaza. Kabugao is a small community of swali, bamboo, and wooden houses. In five minutes we could walk past every house in town. The schools are what makes Kabugao so important to these mountain people. We established Apayao Christian Academy here in 1948 and the Keyes are our missionaries on the station. The mission occupies about a hectare of land, and consists of the main building of the academy, two dormitories, a home economics hut, a parsonage, and the missionary residence. The chapel is of wood, but the principal material in all the other buildings is bamboo.

The Isneg people, these people of Apayao, number only about 5,000. They are a shy, proud people who sought the hills as refuge from the Spanish, and they never have been conquered. Now, however, they are gradually giving in to civilization. Until very recently they were head-hunters. Every now and then one hears that a few heads have been taken in a feud. But this custom is not for outsiders, so our new friends assured us.

We were advised to feel perfectly safe. We found these people intelligent, open-hearted, quick, and friendly. They make marvelous Christians, and mountain people like them numbering 300,000 throughout the islands constitute the ripest mission field to be found in the archipelago. They are animists except those who have become Christian.

All of Lynn's time is occupied with pastoral oversight of our twenty-four Apayao churches and the guidance of the pastors, all but two of whom have come straight out of paganism into Christianity since the war. Lynn and Lillian said they keep having the feeling that they are seeing the Book of Acts re-enacted. Lynn had been trained as an agricultural missionary, but his stateside training did not prepare him for the psychology and sociology of a people who, given a choice between a flat, fertile plot of bottom land and a field on a steep mountainside set at a forty-five-degree angle, prefer the mountainside. That is the way they eluded the Spaniards for more than three centuries! To change all that to modern, scientific agriculture is a complex assignment.

March 1. The whole afternoon was turned over by the Academy to welcoming and entertaining us. Principal David Batoon was a most gracious host. First there was an assembly with a devotional service, followed by Dwight's speech. Then followed a most engrossing program of native songs and dances. One routine which fascinated us particularly was the story of the coming of Christianity to Apayao. Although we could not follow

the Isneg words of the song, we were able to make out the pantomime of the dance. Isneg singing is distinctive, wholly unlike Western music, vivacious, yet haunting. The dancing partakes of the universal grace of the Philippines. And the colorful Isneg costumes were enchanting.

Then it came our turn to furnish a surprise for our hosts. We had brought a magnetic tape recorder up the river with us, the first one seen in these parts. Lynn had an electric generator with which to power it. While Dwight and Lynn were getting it set up, the mathematics teacher came over to me and asked, "What is it?" He was delighted with my answer. Soon a choir had assembled for recording. It was a thrill to watch their faces as they sang. They put all they had into their numbers. We spent about two hours at the machine. Among those who sang were three small children, two brothers and a little girl about four and a half years old, the daughter of Catalino Cayaba, our chief *bogadore*. We played back their number and their eyes sparkled as they listened to themselves. We wanted them to sing again, but now no amount of coaxing would persuade the Cayaba girl to sing again. Later she told her parents why she had refused: "I couldn't sing any more; they took my voice."

March 2. The trip by *banca* down the river could not have been more scenic or more pleasant. We drank in the sights of this beautiful mountain province as we glided along over the water. At times, we held our

breath from sheer excitement as we shot over the waterfalls. Going down-river was much easier on our *bogadores,* though there were times when they had to get out and push or pull the *banca.*

March 3. We are back at Aparri in the spacious residence of the Go family over the New Life Commercial store. We spent the night here. We arrived last night about 8 o'clock. The store was dark, so Lynn pounded on the paneled front of the shop, and Mr. Go came down and let us in, welcoming us most cordially. They served us a late supper and showed us to the guest room where there were three cots mosquito-netted and ready for use. One cot had a mattress; the others had a piece of plywood over the springs. I got the mattress.

The Go's are Chinese from the Amoy region, near Canton, like the other 100,000 Chinese in the Philippines. When we came in last night, one of the brothers was sitting at a table in the hallway teaching two of his children how to read and write in Mandarin. "You are a storekeeper by day and a teacher by night," I said. He cheerfully agreed. "What do you teach your children?" I asked. Mr. Go answered, "Chinese, Mandarin, and English." Poor little children: during the day they must also speak Ilocano, study Tagalog, and receive their public school instruction in English. Of course, it would help if they also knew Isneg.

I don't know how many people slept in this upstairs apartment last night, but the two brothers are married and one has a large family. There were four guests besides the regular servants. Last night they had taken

in an Isneg woman, a Mrs. Cuntapay, who runs a small store in Kabugao. She is very nice; "This is my home away from home, too," she said to me. Lynn told us that the Go brothers plan every meal with five extra people in mind. We found that they do all of this as an act of hospitality and that they refuse pay of any kind.

Our plane landed at the Manila airport at 2:30 P.M. We arrived home physically exhausted, but with a kind of mental elation. We felt that we had just made the most memorable trip of our lives.

March 4. Dwight has gone to the seminary to administer his last two-hour exam and to correct the big pile of papers that will be on his desk waiting for him.

This evening we are to have dinner in the home of Samuel and Felicidad Catli. These are new friends whom we value highly. Mr. Catli is editor of the *Philippine Christian Advance* and executive secretary of the Department of Christian Education of the Federation. Mrs. Catli is a teacher of religious education in the seminary. They work on a shoestring both as to office staff and facilities; and they are doing a terrific job. Like us, the Catlis attended Yale Divinity School.

When we arrived home from visiting the Catlis, we found that Hubert Reynolds had come in from Vigan with a small Filipino boy whom he had brought for an operation. When he was a tiny child, the boy fractured his leg and it was so poorly set that it has left him with quite a deformity. The family is too poor to do anything about it, but Hubert directed their attention to the Philippine Band of Mercy, which is run by an American,

a Mr. Hart, who has been in the Philippines since the Spanish-American war. He loves the Philippines and the Filipinos, and this is the way he has set out to help them. He never turns down a needy crippled child. He has so endeared himself to the Filipinos that they called him Daddy Hart. Our young guest will be operated on Monday.

Commencement

March 8. This is the college commencement season. Last evening President Sanders preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of Union Theological Seminary and to a full crowd at Ellinwood Church. This evening Dwight was commencement speaker for Harris Memorial School, a Methodist seminary which trains deaconesses. Actually these deaconesses are women pastors and district evangelists; on some mission fields they are called "Bible women," but here they are "deaconesses" and they have a good deal more training than many "Bible women." Their course, which is integrated into the curriculum of Union Seminary, requires three years beyond high school.

When we got to the Central Methodist Student Church, where the baccalaureate was to be held, and saw the girls, we realized that Dwight had taught most of the members of the graduating class in his course in Biblical Theology. The girls looked beautiful. They were all dressed alike, grey skirts and white Filipina blouses with huge butterfly sleeves and *panuellos*. They

all wore rosebud and orchid corsages with *sampaguita* necklaces. The church, which was full, is the equal in beauty of any we have in the States.

As I sat waiting for the service to begin, I read over the names of the girls and the places from which they had come to attend the school. Many of them are from towns in the provinces which we have visited on our trips outside Manila. It was hard to put the two pictures together: primitive nipa hut *barrios* and this impressive modern graduation ceremony in a cathedral-like church in a world city. These girls will now go back to their home *barrios* or to others like them. The readjustment will surely be as hard as their initial adjustment must have been when they first came to Manila.

March 9. Commencement at Union Seminary was held on the school lawn last evening before a huge crowd, representative of Protestant strength in the Philippines. It was impressive. The exercises were like any commencement in the States, except that those receiving degrees were brown in color. The speaker was a graduate of Union in the class of 1941, who had spent several years in the States getting his education. While a student at Boston University, he was the first Oriental to be the pastor of a New England church. Now he has come back to the Philippines to serve as he can in a small provincial *barrio* as a rural pastor, and I mean rural.

The young men who are being graduated must have a streak of heroism in their make-up, for as they go out into the ministry, not only must they confront the opposition of a militant and corrupt Roman Catholicism,

but they must also live on starvation wages. We know of many pastors who receive no more than thirty pesos a month, plus a nipa hut and gifts of produce.

President Magsaysay

March 11. George Earle and Dwight left the house early this morning to go to Malacañan Palace to see President Magsaysay. They went with a delegation from the Federation which is now holding its biennial convention. The president gave them an audience. Dwight came in after the meeting bubbling with enthusiasm, as he extended his hand, "Who would like to shake the hand of the man that shook the hand of the president?" Benito took up the offer on the spot with an enthusiasm that matched Dwight's.

The restrained report of the meeting in the *Philippine Christian Advance* scarcely communicates the high drama of the occasion: "Before the opening of the Convention, about fifty delegates called on President Ramon P. Magsaysay of the Philippines at Malacañan Palace. Dr. Enrique C. Sobrepeña, Presiding Bishop of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines, spoke on behalf of the group, expressing the concern of Protestants in the Philippines regarding the threats to religious liberty and democracy. President Magsaysay assured the group that the principle of the separation of the Church and the State and of religious liberty will be maintained under his administration."

Bishop Sobrepeña's brief, impassioned plea, Magsaysay said, was "like a cool breeze in a warm room." Most people who come to him, he said, want something for themselves. For all their fine speeches, as one reads between the lines, he discovers nothing but crass selfishness. It was refreshing, he said, to find a group pleading unselfishly for the good of the republic.

The president referred to his election promises. The previous administration went down, he said, because it strayed away from the people. "I am not an intellectual. I don't know much about things up here." He gestured into that vague realm above his head. The things he wants for his people are very few and very simple—land, decent housing, safe drinking water, living wages, a chance to better themselves. Then he told an incident growing out of the complaint of a tenant manhandled by his landlord in Nueva Ecija. Previously the protests of tenants were futile, but now the president had set up a complaints commission to which any citizen of the republic could send a telegram for ten centavos with the assurance that his case would receive a hearing. Magsaysay telegraphed the Nueva Ecija provincial commander to investigate the manhandling incident and report to him. He waited a day and there was no answer. "So, I went up there," Magsaysay reported simply. He found the provincial commander playing favorites with the landlord. "He is relieved. He is no longer the provincial commander," said the president. This is only one instance of the direct intervention of the president to secure justice for the common

people; we had read in the daily press of many others. No wonder Magsaysay is a national hero and faith in democracy is again triumphant.

Mary Chiles Hospital

March 14. Dwight preached in duo services to several hundred students at the Ellinwood Church (UCCP) this morning, after which we jeepneyed to the United Church of Manila where we met Dr. Arzaga, Miss Noffsinger, and a number of nurses. Twenty-six of us went to Max's Restaurant where we sat in on an impressive meeting of the alumni association of Mary Chiles Nursing School. In its Protestant days, before 1932, this institution had trained 299 graduate nurses, from among whom has been formed an active alumni association which still holds monthly meetings. We were attending such a meeting. Those present included key people who were supervising nurses in government hospitals, or who were engaged in social work. One was the wife of a national congressman. At the last yearly convention it was found that there were sixty-two nurses who are still actively engaged in their profession, many of them in supervisory positions. Each one present gave a short speech for the benefit of Miss Noffsinger who had known all these women twenty-two years before and who was now being brought up to date. One nurse especially interested me for in telling about herself she also gave her salary which she no doubt was proud of or she would not have mentioned it. She was receiving 3,400 pesos ($1,700) per

year as company nurse in a large factory. Her starting salary years before had been seventy pesos per month, which totals 840 pesos ($420) per year.

Laguna

March 21. With Miss Noffsinger and Attorney Malones as passengers and guides, we drove down through Los Baños to San Pablo in Laguna Province for a Sunday morning service at two of the churches in this region. We passed mile after mile of banana and coconut groves. They were so thick that they might almost be called jungle. Coconut trees are so close together that the harvesters have tied bamboo poles between the tops of the trees so they can go from one tree to the next without descending the seventy-five or eighty feet to the ground. We also passed some pineapple groves. San Pablo and its neighboring *barrios* are very clean. Not a scrap of paper or a bit of litter was lying around to make things look untidy. In front of every house there was a five-gallon kerosene can, painted red, blue, or yellow; these were for waste. Many of the cans were set in beds of growing flowers or rubber plants. I saw a few signs which said, "Keep our barrio clean."

The preacher at San Pablo is Pastor Quintana, a retired U. S. Navy man. Here we also met Simon Rivera, a very old man who had been a pastor in Miss Noffsinger's missionary days. She has a great love for the old man; he was one of her early Tagalog teachers. He is quite feeble now and is incoherent, but he remembered

her. At the close of the service Attorney Malones asked those who were members of the church when Miss Noffsinger used to visit them to rise. Five persons stood up. Mr. Malones said, "This is the remnant of the years and the war." This is Laguna, the Laguna which made the newspapers in the war years. Here the guerrillas held out for so long. When you see the hills and the jungle-like groves you knew why they are able to do it, and why there are Huks in these hills to this day.

Coming back from San Pablo we passed several crowds watching young people play volleyball. We also passed two groups who were playing American baseball. They were using the dry rice paddies as diamonds. The spectators sat on the dykes. What a natural for a baseball diamond! Of course, baseball can be played in this seting only after the rice has been harvested and before the rainy season begins.

We also passed two funerals. One was the funeral of a baby. About twenty people were walking along the road with one man in the lead carrying a little casket on his shoulders. The other funeral was that of an older person, probably a fairly important citizen. Two or three hundred people were walking behind a casket, which rested on a flower-decked hearse. In front of the hearse walked a priest and in front of him three standard bearers. Behind the mourners marched a full band. This funeral must have cost many pesos. The priest charges according to the distance he walks. Miss Noffsinger said this was probably a very expensive ceremony but she had seen funerals that had eleven bands.

March 28. Today, after church at Pasay, we were the guests of Bishop Sobrepeña at a dinner honoring Glenn Clark and his team who have just arrived in Manila on a global tour to forge a chain of prayer around the world. There were thirty-six of us present. Though Glenn Clark is an American of world reputation, this was our first meeting with him. I listened as he, a bald-headed old gentleman of vast waist proportion, slouched down in a Churchill-like position and asked the Filipino next to him, "Did you fight in the last war?" The man answered, "Yes, I was a guerrilla." Mr. Clark said, "You were?" Here he was sitting by a real, live guerrilla; and, for that matter, so were we. I got interested and continued to listen. The Filipino gentleman said, "We didn't have much food in those days. We ate *camotes* (sweet-potatoes) and papaya most of the time." Occasionally, he said, they killed an animal. They had no shoes. There were several American boys with them; they are still his friends, and he writes to them in the States even now. Once when his guerrilla band killed an animal they tried to preserve some of it, but having no salt they were unable to prevent it from spoiling. The Filipinos were hungry enough to eat it anyway. "I told an American boy, 'You'd better not eat it; it is spoiled and will make you sick and have bad pains in the stomach.' The American answered, 'No matter, I'm sick anyway.' And he ate the meat." This matter of having no salt was really a hardship. They were on Mindanao, an island surrounded by salty ocean, but the Japanese held the beaches.

Here was a small slice of life which quickened the imagination. I wondered if Glenn Clark realized the importance of the Filipino who had shared it with him. He was Pantaleon Pelayo, a prominent Protestant, and acting Secretary of Labor in the national government.

Legaspi

March 30. We are flying to Legaspi, Albay, where Dwight will deliver the commencement address in the United Institute, a school of the United Church of Christ in the Philippines. We have just witnessed the only case of American rudeness toward Filipinos which we have seen in the six months we have been here. Just before the plane was called, a huge American brushed the protesting gate attendant aside and boarded the plane ahead of the other passengers who were waiting in line. Later, when we were inside and seated for the take-off, the attendant addressed us all: "I must apologize because Mr. . . . boarded the plane ahead of the rest of you, before it was called. I tried to stop him but was unable to do so." It was a tense moment. A passenger spoke up, "Why didn't he stay in line? There is no favored race here." The American apologized profusely, "I meant no offense, but I have some expensive television cameras and I was anxious to see if they were all on the plane. On my last hop an important piece of equipment was overlooked." The offending American spent his time at the next two stops apologizing, but somehow I

have the feeling that it is never possible to erase an impression like that. To treat a man like a second-class citizen in his own native land is simply unforgivable. Multiply this by thousands over a period of many years in Southeast Asia and you begin to see why the white man is not popular in India, Malaya, Burma, and Indonesia. Fortunately the American record has been much better in the Philippines, and the incident we had witnessed was not typical. A few thoughtless Americans by such acts of implicit superiority can undo years of diplomatic and missionary labor.

The queen of Legaspi is Mount Mayon (Beautiful Mountain), an active volcano which is a perfect cone rising eight thousand feet from the valley floor just outside the city. The volcano and the ocean on which Legaspi fronts make the scenery spellbinding. Everyone in Legaspi turns his gaze many times a day to the mountain, which keeps changing appearance because of the drifting haze of clouds which gather about it. Citizens talk about the beautiful giant with evident affection. They say it is about ten years between eruptions. The last one was about eight years ago. In addition to its danger from the volcano, Legaspi lies in the path of the typhoons, both northern and southern, which cut across the islands.

This is an *abaca* section of the Philippines where Manila hemp is grown. In addition to rope, mats and slippers for export are also made from the fiber. During the war, according to Benito who is from this Bicol

region, men were reduced to wearing clothes woven of this coarse fabric. "We'd be ashamed to wear them now. But then we had no other clothes. *Abaca* is very stiff."

Japanese Occupation

April 8. Mrs. Cariño came over this morning. She brought me some Filipino recipes. Mrs. Cariño is one woman in a thousand. I have learned that her friends call her "Mrs. Universe," because she manages to be everywhere doing everything. She is a power in the national life of our church.

This time Mrs. Cariño talked mostly about life under the Japanese occupation. We had heard much of the cruelty and the massacres, and now I learned a brighter side. She said that she never met a mean or cruel Japanese. She knew there were mean ones, for her family had met them, but she had not. One Japanese soldier called in their home every night to massage her mother's back. "I always did this at home for my mother, and I will do it here for Mrs. Venzuela," he said. Toward the end of the occupation one day this man and several of his friends came to tell them good-by. They were being shipped to Legaspi to make their escape before the Americans came. "We all cried to see them leave," said Mrs. Cariño. Later she learned that their ship was bombed en route.

Prices during the Japanese occupation were greatly inflated. A coconut might cost as much as 500 to 600

pesos ($250 to $300). Rice became so scarce that only rice soup could be afforded. Mrs. Cariño said she had a wardrobe which she sold for 10,000 pesos. She shook her head as she said, "That 10,000 pesos didn't buy very many *gantas* of rice." She had to sell her *sala* furniture too. But when the Japanese left, they gave her chairs

Filipina women squat while doing many of their household tasks

and tables and what they had. The young soldier who was especially kind to them had been educated in America. He was a Christian. Our Filipinos had communion together once a week and this young man and several of his friends came and had communion with them. One day he said, "We don't want this war, but we have to obey orders." This is another picture, isn't it?

Infanta

April 9. We got up at 4 o'clock and went downtown to the bus station where the Manila delegates to the national convention were gathering to enter their chartered buses for Infanta. "Buses" is a misleading word; the Filipinos themselves called them "trucks." They are just that, huge trucks fitted out with six or eight wooden benches running the width of the body, and entered without steps from the right side of the truck. These huge buses carry about 50 to 60 passengers, wedged in like sardines, with baggage for packing. The roads over which we drove were little better than rugged mountain trails; bridges were often nonexistent, so we forded streams, and once we did this right at the brink of a waterfall. The road was dusty and rocky beyond belief. Most of the tires of the buses, it seemed, had blown out at one time or another; and pieces of still older tires were bolted inside as boots to cover the holes. Infanta, on the Pacific side of Luzon beyond the Sierra Madre range, was only 140 kilometers away—but such kilometers. We arrived at 2:30 in the afternoon. I guess

there were close to 200 who made the trip in our four buses; they were of all ages from four months to about eighty years. This trip was a great adventure for all of us. The people were very excited. A few had been to Infanta before, but for many it was their first venture. This excited band in four closely packed buses lustily sang hymns or buzzed with happy conversation the whole way. Only toward the end of the journey did weariness begin to enforce silence.

We arrived in Infanta to be greeted by a delegation of local people who took us at once to a large upstairs hall filled with tables set for a meal. We felt very dirty. I literally had so much dust on my arms that I could write my initials in it. But there was a huge dishpan of water to wash in and a couple of towels to dry on. With this bit of refreshing we sat down to our belated meal and the convention, infectious with Christian fellowship and joy, was under way.

Infanta is a beautiful villagelike town nestled in groves of tall coconut palms on the Pacific shores. It is a prosperous community with better-than-average buildings and homes. We were lodged in the home of Doctora and her mother, Mrs. Amparo. The Doctora is a successful woman dentist. She had moved her dental equipment out of her office so she could turn it over to us as a bedroom. (The Amparos turned over their bedrooms to still other guests and slept on the *sala* floor.) One more instance of the amazing Filipino hospitality we had come to know.

The convention itself, except for the fact that it was conducted largely in Tagalog and with much of the crowd overflowing the church to the surrounding out-of-doors under a bamboo lean-to, was much like any church convention the world over. Much like, but not quite. For here the singing was more vigorous, the speeches more numerous, the fellowship more joyous, the loyalty more intense. One can easily see that a convention such as this is a kind of spiritual dynamo, generating enthusiasm for all our Tagalog churches for the whole year.

This convention made history. It elected its first woman as national president. She was Mrs. Juliana Banda. The women were quite jubilant about this, and rightly so.

April 13. We arrived back in Manila yesterday, eleven hours, one blowout, two flats, and five stops for engine trouble, after leaving Infanta. We noticed that our Filipino companions were about as tired as we were. Here a national convention requires an enormous physical investment as well as the expected mental and spiritual investment.

I almost forgot to mention our closest brush with *balut* eating. We had often heard *balut* vendors as they called out their wares at night in front of our house. We had seen them with their baskets of eggs in the streets downtown, but we had not actually been with anyone who was eating a *balut* until this trip. Going to Infanta the pretty Filipina sitting next to me on the bus, like many of her companions, began to eat from her food

parcel. "Have you ever eaten *balut?*" she asked. "You haven't? It is dee-licious." We were well aware of the Filipino's fondness for this strange delicacy, but because we had never eaten one we were a little vague as to what it was exactly. Perhaps a quotation from a Filipino author is in order:

"What is this foodstuff called *balut,* which sells like hot cakes and of which the Filipinos are very fond? The *balut* is a duck egg, partially incubated, then boiled."

I forgot to say that we had the best accommodations at Infanta. I knew we would. That is the Filipino custom. People here will go without food and without shelter to make their guests comfortable, and they will do this with the greatest pleasure. To be subjected to such boundless hospitality is a very sobering experience. Mrs. Cariño walked to my quarters with me one day. She told me of her quarters. The owners of that house had turned over their whole house to twenty-four delegates from the Makati church. They slept on the floor —twenty-four people in a three-room house. I said, "Did you bring your mats?" "No," she answered, "we bring our own blanket and sleep on that."

I was constantly being asked questions like these, "You like Infanta?" "Very bad road you travel to get here. . . .?" "When you come back to the Philippines?" "Why you go?" "You like our Philippines?" I could say little of my real feelings, for I had come to love the Philippines. Our stay had been short—a little more than six months now—but our experiences were intensive, worth many years of low-voltage living. Yes, we had

come to love the Philippines; but, the Philippines is not so much a land as a people, a very wonderful people, both loving and lovable.

Lent

April 17. We have passed through the Lenten season. Tomorrow is Easter. The Filipino people, being mostly Roman Catholic, throw themselves into the agonies of this week with all their being because in so doing they earn indulgences. Yesterday, being Good Friday, was the apex of the gloom, and the climax of the day was the self-laceration of the Flagellantes who marched trancelike through the streets of Tondo whipping their backs with glass-tipped lashes and then, a mass of bloody wounds, threw themselves into the salty brine of Manila Bay. In such a setting, time seems to slip back several centuries into the Middle Ages.

Easter

April 18. Easter in the Philippines. At 4:45 A.M. we tried to wipe enough sleep from our eyes to dress and make our way to Makati church. It was still dark when we got there but all the people were there ahead of us. Mrs. Tobias presided and Dwight preached. It was a truly worshipful Easter sunrise.

After the service some of us were escorted to the home of Mrs. Sararana where we had breakfast. On an open

fire under the house, they cooked us a real American breakfast. The only concession to Filipino diet was rice. We had juice, papaya, watermelon, bread, butter, sausage, and fried eggs. A slice of cheese was also served on the plate. We even had coffee to drink. They served us in royal style, out of doors in a newly constructed bamboo patio. This was a very expensive bit of entertaining for this humble Filipino home. In Filipino fashion our hostess and her helpers served us while we ate. Those standing outnumbered those who sat at table. Seated at the table with us were Pastor Laysico, Mrs. Alegria Tobias, and a Mr. and Mrs. Patricio Del Rosario who proved to be two of the most interesting people we had ever met. Mr. Del Rosario had at one time been governor of the Province of Cavite, and is a noted Tagalog author and playwright. He is seventy-one but I've seen men of forty-five who looked older. He was just seventeen when the Americans took over the Islands at the turn of the century. In fact, because of his facility in languages, he served as interpreter for General Duncan of the American forces. He told us that the American soldiers began to tire of *barrio* food after they were here a short time, so he said to them, "I will fry chickens for you." The chickens cost him twenty centavos, and he sold them, fried, for a dollar each. Later when the rains came and the camp cots of the army were flooded out, he made bamboo platforms for them. A very enterprising young man, it is no wonder he became a provincial governor. The governor has been a Protestant since 1907. He said that he has always been happy in his

religion; he thinks that Protestantism and happiness go hand in hand. That has been our observation here in the Philippines. Some have gone so far as to say that they can spot a Protestant by his happy look. I am inclined to think that this is not an overstatement.

Near the close of the meal Dwight expressed our appreciation by using the Tagalog word for delicious, which we had been taught: "*Masarapil, ng masarap.*" Then we learned that Mrs. Del Rosario had played the lead in one of her husband's plays before she married him. "*Masarapil, ng masarap*" was one of her solos. He declared that it was his wife who made him famous with her singing.

Mr. Del Rosario was an enchanting conversationalist. Among other things, he told us a parable he was taught as a child. He said, "Rice grows straight and tall till it is ready to be harvested, and then it bows itself slightly toward the ground. It is humble in its abundance. Only the man with an empty head lifts it high in pride."

After the breakfast, Pastor Laysico did a very touching thing. He had been studying wood turning at Prisco, a home industry center, learning to use the lathe that Allen Huber had left when he returned to the States. The pastor wanted to teach the art to members of his flock so they could supplement their small incomes. Among his first products were three letter openers and a communion tray. The communion tray was made from wood taken from the pastor's own house, and it had been

used for the first time at the National Convention held in Infanta. Now Catalino Laysico gave us this tray and the letter openers as parting gifts.

This delightful out-of-doors breakfast in the early light of our only Philippine Easter had overtones of another occasion on the shores of Lake Galilee, when the risen Christ said to his joyous disciples, "Come and have breakfast." (John 21:12.) No communion service could have been more meaningful.

Despedita

April 19. This morning while Dwight was away attending to last-minute business for our sailing, Pastor Laysico came over and spent quite a bit of time with me.

Day's work is done

He seemed not to want to leave. I gave him three white cotton coats, which Dwight had bought especially for the tropics and which he would not be needing now. He said, "Oh, how lucky I am!" This young man was a carpenter before he went into the ministry. He was also a Roman Catholic. He said his friends are making ten pesos a day while he makes forty pesos a month. But he added, "I am much happier than they are." Catalino is a real pastor; the people at Makati love him, and they are all poor together. He is always trying to think of ways he can help them. I have just written about the wood turning. He plans to go to extension school this fall and study poultry raising so that he and his people can begin to raise chickens. He said, "We have to learn how to do things."

April 21. Just before we went out to one of the farewell dinners which have filled the week, Pastor Leon Baña and his wife arrived to bid us good-by. They had come a considerable distance by jeepney. They brought carved-wood plaques as a farewell gift. Mr. Baña says he has sixty grandchildren. His congregation at Gastambide is made up to a large extent of his family. While we sat and talked, we discussed the Infanta convention. We rode back in the same truck with them. "I have been refusing to go to Infanta for over thirty-five years," said Mr. Baña. "Very tiring trip. Very dangerous." Then he gave Dwight eight pesos with which to buy him a copy of *Christian Worship, A Service Book,* edited by G. Edwin Osborn. Dwight had offered to do this for any of the pastors who wanted to have this manual in

their libraries, well knowing that few could possibly afford to do so. Pastor Baña was the only man able to take advantage of the offer. "A man likes to have a book of his own," he explained. Yes, especially if he is a minister, for books are his tools. But at six to ten pesos per book on a monthly salary of thirty or forty pesos, what pastor can afford to have a book of his own?

April 24. Our last day in the Philippines. I cannot begin to tell all that has been happening the last few days. We have had more *despeditas* than we can count, including one at Paco church Monday evening and numerous private ones. There has been a constant flow of guests at the house, and gifts so numerous and so lovely that it is almost embarrassing to be given so much by those who can afford it so little.

The house was full of guests this morning. They overflowed the *sala* onto the porch. Our travel agents provided us with several passes, but we had woefully underestimated the number of those who came to see us off, so we soon ran out of them. When we got to the pier, a still larger group joined us, but most of these had visited Customs and secured passes on their own initiative. We invited all of them to come on board, to see the ship and visit our tiny cabin. There were more farewells, more presents. It was overwhelming. Many people stayed until sailing time, which was just before noon, two hours after boarding. And then as the ship got under way, they stood in a cluster on the pier waving good-by. Some wept. They stood rooted to the spot, waving while vanishing from our sight. We watched

until we could see them no longer. The pier itself merged with the receding shore line, and the Philippines became a memory.

As we stood at the ship's rail, I remembered the day in Cavite when Mrs. Cariño had said, "Mrs. Stevenson will have many experiences to tell when she gets back to America." I remembered, too, how many times one of our Filipino friends had asked what Americans thought of them. They love America, and they want Americans to think highly of them. These selections from my Philippine diary may serve to help other Americans to see the Filipinos as we saw them and to love them as we do.

The Philippines is truly a land of tomorrow. The only Christian nation in the Orient, daughter of the American republic, and self-styled "show window of democracy in the Orient," this young nation can lead the way for all of Southeast Asia. We found here a frontier spirit, a faith in the future, the mind and temper that builds a new world. No words can better express our feeling about these island people than those of the Philippine national anthem:

Land of the morning,
Child of the sun returning,
With fervor burning,
Thee do our souls adore.

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